THE COMMONWEAL

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MR. STIMSON'S DEFENSE

THE contrast between Republican campaign assurances and the present reality is pretty vivid. Such impressive blocks of black and white set opposite each other speak as no words could, and the citizen—even the voting citizen—has his hand cupped over an ear. Great interest attaches, therefore, to the Republican defense. The first long-range attempt at this was made by Secretary of State Henry L. Stimson, addressing the New York state Republican convention. The speaker began by outlining the extant depression and drawing a map to reveal its virulence throughout the world. Signs of this approaching storm were not absent during the three years which preceded the last election. Many of those in high authority foresaw at least a little of what was coming. The marvel is that none of them frankly stated that the outlook was bad, that the debts piled up by a decade of unsatisfactory post-war reconstruction were piling up and that the country would have to dig out its cyclone cellar as best it could. They did nothing of the kind. They declared that Republicanism had always meant prosperity and would continue to mean that. And Mr. Hoover, himself uneasy as his trip through Latin America indicated, came into office.

Mr. Stimson's address was devoted to listing all the achievements of the President. Of these there are more than is usually supposed. If proof were needed to show that publicists and literary men are chiefly barometers of public sentiment and not calm scrutinizers of facts, it could be found in the circumstance that most of these have drawn the President in unrelieved sepia. He was visualized as a humdrum little office-manager, dedicated to improving the filing system while the business was being wrecked. The underlying pragmatism of the American mind was revealed in the assertion that everything Mr. Hoover did was a mistake—because no progress toward the millennium resulted. As a matter of fact he appears to have made practically no blunders. But to return to achievements: reduction of the debt and the taxes, growth of the merchant marine, partial reduction of naval armament at the London Conference, some diplomatic successes in Latin America, the establishment of the Farm Board, the enactment of a "flexible clause" in the nation's tariff legislation, the appointment of diverse commissions.

On the whole this is not a malodorous catalogue. During more normal eras the people have been satis-

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fied with a great deal less. Criticism of the President ought not, therefore, to be specifically directed to his work. Mr. Stimson was probably correct when he asserted that "no President in recent years, if at any time, has so completely translated his campaign pledges into performance." But it must be borne in mind that really very little was promised. As a candidate he had done little beyond endorse the routine of government procedure during the preceding ten years. Can one assert that he is to blame because the citizenry tacitly took it for granted that Mr. Hoover would do certain things they liked—and he couldn't do? A political era is always partly psychological. In Germany a glamorous nonentity like Herr Hitler can raise 1,000,000 votes by speaking out the things which impatient young fellows have on their minds. In the United States the public has had many things on its mind. Consciously or otherwise, it has expected the President to say them. And he has remained as uncommunicative as a general staff after a defeat.

Mr. Coolidge often utters platitudes, but a host of people are governed by platitudes. Mr. Hoover keeps still, and the conclusion is he has nothing to suggest. Indeed he misreads the signs of the times. When he could have said something telling and possibly Roosevelt ian about religious prejudice, he wrote a billet-doux. With regard to prohibition—which the majority was already secretly repudiating—he said that disobedience to this law meant disregard for all law and order. When American labor had consented to waive the policy of strikes during the hard stretch, he replied to them by urging Judge Parker for the supreme bench. At a moment when world relations meant almost everything to business, he let the Senate speak and bought the "flexible clause" at auction for the highest rates yet levied against various kinds of foreign merchandise. None of these things were grave mistakes, endangering the welfare of the nation. But they testified overwhelmingly to that inability to comprehend and lead public opinion which, in a time of calamity, is a great presidential misfortune. Of course, the situation might have been much worse. What if one of our more boisterous senators had resided in the White House during months past!

Regarding all this Mr. Stimson, naturally enough, had little to say. His picture, drawn one thinks with something more than a sense of party loyalty, allowed us to see a quiet, hard-working man behind a desk, conscientiously struggling to do what he had promised. In a way that picture has real greatness which we honor. Though the bottom has fallen out of a lot of ventures from which many have gained bread and butter—and though as a result there is muttering and cursing in plenty—the man at the helm has said nothing to make life easier for himself, nothing to create false hopes or illusions, nothing in the least calculated to give him the appearance of Oedipus Rex. He has stuck to the job and shut up. He has neither gambled nor dreamed. And there is something to that.

WEEK BY WEEK

SCARCELY had it been rumored that Moscow was doing a "short" business on grain exchanges than the press of the nation suddenly turned liberal. One editorial writer declared that the amount of Russian selling was not sufficient to affect the market—and this sounded plausible. Another averred that there was nothing to the report excepting an attempt to remove blame for the existing depression from the shoulders of the reigning administration—and this, too, seemed reasonable. Yet hardly had these sage remarks been written than somebody found out that Russia was undermining all the grain markets of the world. New doctrine had, therefore, to be unearthed in a hurry. The New York World, always to the fore, argued that "the principal weakness of the American experiment [as contrasted with the Russian experiment] is that it cannot succeed within the frontiers of America alone." Which means that protective tariff is responsible. But Russia has not been exactly an ingratiating host to the rest of the world, nor has it played economic ball without charging admission. The simple fact of the matter—in so far as we are now able to discern facts—would seem to be that Russia, interested in raising money, is selling huge quantities of wheat abroad at prices with which nobody could possibly compete. This can be done because not a Soviet soul cares how much the producer gets. We suggest that the way to beat the Soviets here and now is not to adopt free trade or to shut one's eyes but to buy up surplus wheat and sell it to Europe for the cost of transportation.

Russia and Wheat

AUTOMATICALLY Russian wheat would be worthless, foreign consumers would get a great bargain, and the price of grain in this country—if imports from Russia were barred—would rise. The action would force European farmers to seek government aid in raising barriers against the importation of wheat so that a repetition of the situation would be impossible. There is only one defect in this suggestion and it happens to be fairly impressive. It could not be carried out. Nobody in the western world is prepared to do that kind of thing, and if Congress even so much as undertook to debate it there would be two dozen filibusters and as many special sessions. But this fact illustrates precisely the difference between our point of view and that of the Soviets. Business simply cannot be successful if governments take such steps, which throw production balances out of line. Yet Moscow does still more. Its system of expropriating grain for the purpose of raising national capital is equivalent to confiscatory taxation, and such taxation can only be achieved by sheer ruthless force. And so the issue is "not so simple" as even a meditation on the tariff woud seem to suggest. It is a case of one kind of world against another.

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EUCHARISTIC congresses, such as that which has recently been in session at Omaha, Nebraska, have for their purpose manifesting reverence and love for the Body of Christ. In former ages Corpus Christi processions and festivals were normal public events; today, on a larger and possibly more intense scale, the same idea enlists the homage of vast crowds. Space and time seem to disappear as men and women, clergy and laity, gather from all parts of the country. The radio broadcasts sermons and ceremonies to all who wish to listen. A message from the Holy Father, praising the achievement and conferring a special blessing upon the participants, is read by the authorized delegate of the Holy See. Bishop after bishop, representing varied population areas remote from one another, unite in calling attention to the supreme fact in Christian and human history—the Incarnation of the Son of God and His permanent dwelling among the children of men. Compared with these festivals, the Jewish holidays and the great pilgrimages of antiquity seem like family reunions. And yet these public demonstrations must, if they are to be genuine, have their very quiet and reticent counterpart. In the solitude of individual prayer, removed from the tossing and jarring of crowds, the work of the Saviour for the redemption of humanity is completed. Thus Eucharistic devotion becomes coextensive with life, lifting up both the crowd and the separate soul in the loftiest and most beautiful aspirations of which the race is capable.

The Congress at Omaha

AN ARTICLE in Harper's Magazine recently declared that "much too large a proportion of our citizens who have come here from Italy exhibit in their conduct a striking lack of religious influence." The author had been particularly impressed with the number of Italian homicides; and it would seem, indeed, that Americans of Italian derivation do take to knives and machine-guns more rapidly than do groups of a different stock. But what causes this? It is apparent, first of all, that most of the Italian criminals are young fellows who either saw the light of day here or came over as infants. It is likewise evident that they were trained in American schools and under American conditions. Finally, it appears that their parents are hard-working folk who seldom get into trouble. The conclusion would therefore seem to be that something in the United States evokes among young Italians a zest for criminality. What this something is may be termed an important and interesting conundrum.

What Makes Murderers?

WE BELIEVE that a little inquiry would uncover, to begin with, that the Italian misses the religious and cultural individuality of his home land. Possibly he had been quite unconscious of this over there. It had existed for ages—was in the air, as it were—and could be taken for granted. The Church, the saints, the memorials of a long tradition lent to the here-and-now scene an otherworldliness entirely missing in the United States. Here the Italian works under the crudest conditions, is educated very frequently in a secular school, and finds little opportunity to express himself emotionally. Recently he has discovered the economic possibilities latent in serving the illegal liquor trade. Adept at making wine and resident in districts where storing and selling it are relatively easy, he soon becomes the caterer to vast throngs of dry souls. There is money in this business and his appetite for more is whetted. Gradually he learns the secret combinations which control the liquor traffic on a larger scale. And thenceforth his activities, outlawed by society, revert to the picturesque but unmoral inroads of Sicilian bandits. It seems to us that these conditions and tendencies cannot be remedied by outlawing the Italian still more completely. Greater and more impressive efforts should be made to grant him the support of insituations which he himself will desire later to support in turn with all his characteristic skill and tenacity of purpose.

ADDRESSES made to college students on "occassions" do not always embody the most living or significant thoughts which animate our society. Yet we do not think we are unduly naive in singling out as meaningful and even (in their very special way) exciting, two of them, both of recent delivery. In the matriculation sermon at Yale University, about two thousand young men were told that the only way to develop the idealism in which (so ran the grim assurance) their generation is conspicuously lacking, is by abandoning the pursuit of group activities and wordly success, which are "the pathway to the soul's eclipse," and by learning in silence and retirement to ponder on "the vulgarity of our sophistication" and "the foundations of life." In a speech commemorating the one hundredth anniversary of the Brown University chapter of Phi Beta Kappa, Chief Justice Charles Evans Hughes defined the same need, with reference to the life of culture. A liberal education, he said, signifying "freedom from ignorance and from what is worse, the dominion of folly," is directed to "creating the resources of leisure as well as of work"; it is secured only by a continual suspicion of those "college enterprises which have an irresistible appeal but stand in the way of the concentration and reflection necessary"; it is "not a preparation for life, but life itself," and is inseparable from the discipline of meditation. This is a far cry indeed from the man-who-can cultus, or the cynicism which, masquerading as wit, can counsel students to "be snobbish." We have said before that we believe the great realities of mind and spirit are returning to their place of honor among us. These present are happy and authoritative tokens of that fact.

"The American Scholar"

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WE ARE not the first to say, nor shall we be the last to feel, that there is an unhealthy monotony in America's international sport victories. This means especially her victories over Great Britain, her first rival. France meets (and beats) us only at tennis, and our contacts with other nations, outside of the Olympic games, are negligible. One of the unfortunate aspects of our unbeatability is the fact that the English press pretty generally ascribes it to the wrong cause. Our money is not actually the prevailing factor that their editors suppose. It played a part, naturally, in the recent polo massacre; a team with any number of first-rate mounts, and all the leisure in the world to keep in form, of course has the drop on a team which cannot afford to transport men and ponies across the ocean in time to get them properly acclimatized. Similarly, the unlimited wealth behind the yacht Enterprise, which has just beaten Shamrock V four times in a row, gave it an unquestionable advantage in mechanical equipment over Sir Thomas Lipton's boat. But it is not money which makes Mr. Thomas Hitchcock, jr., the world's ranking polo genius, and Mr. Harold Vanderbilt the king of yachting skippers. And when we leave these two fields, the facts are even clearer. One's admiration for the youthful Miss Nuthall's prowess and promise does not cancel the fact that she carried off our women's tennis title because Mrs. Moody did not choose to play. In the matter of golf, it was the incredible and incontrovertible Mr. Jones who crossed the ocean and won two of his four crown jewels on British soil. No. We have a clear enough claim to sporting preëminence; but even if they could be got to admit it, one feels for some reason that it would not make our neighbors love us any better.

Alone on Our Peak

HAVING long hoped that voyagers to Canada might find some pleasure superadded unto wine and spirits, we are happy at having discerned promise in a recent event. On September 13, writers and reverers gathered in the little churchyard near Morpeth, Ontario, to dedicate a cairn to the memory of Archibald Lampman. There were addresses enough to constitute one course in poetry, though if there were stray folk from the United States at the scene the subject-matter must have been novel to them. Lampman, whose short life of thirty-three years was devoted almost entirely to the writing of poetry, is little enough known outside his own land. This limited popularity is inevitable. Like some of our own poets, Madison Cawein for example, he was almost exclusively concerned with what his native land suggested. Ontario lives in his verse as—though with greater intensity—England lives in the poetry of Keats, the novels of Hardy and the pictures of Constable. Reading Lampman might reveal to many a traveler's eye some of the individual beauty and mystery of one of the most familiar, and yet little understood, provinces of Canada. At any rate, many will surely pause at Morpeth churchyard to wonder during a moment at this strange lad who may have dreamed that a lyric was more enduring than bronze.

A Memorial to Lampman

A FEATURE of the Catholic liturgy that cannot fail to impress those who use their missal day by day, whether or not they go to daily Mass, is the heartening practicalness of the suggestions in the Propers of the Season and of the Saints. This is meant in no pagan sense of trafficking with God for small material favors. In fact, the particular occasion that led us to this, we hope, pardonably naive confidence, was quite the opposite! On a morning when our spirits were somewhat dashed by miniature economic depression, we were both edified and amused to read of Our Lady of Ransom—amused because 700 years ago an order was founded, a feast inaugurated and a special prayer instituted which now was so helpful for our humble, and possibly ignoble, psychic ill. "For the ransoming from slavery of the Christians held captive by pagans," was the order and prayer. That was our trouble, we had been held captive by pagans, by pagan ideas. We were in no immediate danger of starving, and we had clothing and shelter enough to insure we would not be overcome by the elements, then scorching, though rains and cooler were promised. All our pother had been about the pagan possession of things. With a mental demi-volt we cast off our chains, resolved to abandon these possessions that had possessed us, the accumulated impedimenta heaped on us by our low sales resistance, and chastened in spirit and thankful we went forth feeling athletic and keen for some good fight.

Our Lady of Ransom

THERE is much splendid writing in the Selected Works of Richard Rolle, which Mr. G. C. Heseltine had transcribed and which Messrs. Longmans have published. This English literary hermit of the fourteenth century struck us, however, as having understood particularly well the virtue of courtesy, so badly neglected and so often despised. "I consider it best and pleasing to God," he says, "to conform thyself in meat and drink with the time and place and the dignity of them with whom thou art, so that thou dost not seem too scrupulous or a feigner of religion." And here is a precious epigram: "What is worse than a poor man proud, what more cursed than an envious beggar? If thou truly foresakest all things for God, see what thou despisest rather than what thou foresakest." There is a reminder of Johnsonian sanity in this: "To have nothing is sometimes a matter of necessity, but to wish to have nothing is a great virtue." And, finally, here is what he has to say about charity: "O holy charity, how sweet thou art and comfortable! Thou makest whole that which

Holiness and Courtesy

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was broken; thou dost restore the fallen, deliver the bound; thou makest man equal to the angels; the sitting and the resting thou dost raise, and the risen thou dost make sweet."

The Direst Date

MOVING DAY is something which New Yorkers have accepted from the same dispensation as gives them crowded streets and carbon-laden air. They may not like it, but they know their place. The October 1 which has just passed into history saw almost a quarter of a million families in the throes of this terrific transit: enduring, as usual, the wastage and superlative inconvenience of the hurried labor, and paying the usual abnormal charges, which their abnormally concentrated demand makes inevitable. But though habit and necessity have rendered the mass of us meek and docile in regard to the lease that runs from the first day of October to the last day of September, following, community counselors and domestic engineers have long criticized it, and the New York Board of Trade begins to show signs of doing something active about it. A committee of investigation is due to report to the Board very shortly on projects for bettering the situation. The remedy, of course, is the obvious one which has been recommended a good many times before: extend the period of leasing dates. No good reason can be cited for not spreading the demands which are now arbitrarily focused on one day, over two or even three months. The sole imaginable sufferer is the realtor who stands to lose, not his fair profit, but his undue profit from an artificial "peak demand." It is said that this method of "staggered leases," as the New York World calls them, is being tried in Chicago with encouraging success.

Right Medium

IF WE seriously thought there was need for another publication in these times of violent differences, we could suggest no better pattern than that which "AE" is quoted as having followed in the Irish Statesman: "There was great need after the revolution for a medium of placidity, and I edited the publication, making it more placid and more placid until finally everyone who read it was placid." To the cynical or neurasthenic who might assume that the fact that the paper expired was an indication that placidity persevered in leads but to extinction or Nirvana, we would recommend his further observations that he let the journal lapse when the need for it no longer existed so that he could give all his time to "writing and painting and conversation." What could be pleasanter fruits of peace, and not less, but more and more abundant life? In our present era of industrial overproduction, cannot some amiable, bearded prophet conduct us placidly to ways of enjoying leisure creatively, while—completely relaxed—we consume a little of the superabundant goods of our labors?

THE DECLINE OF DROUGHT

BISMARCK was once making a speech about a proposed tax on corn. In order to show the interdependence of the public affected, he began by quoting a little rhyme which stressed the fact that every town, great and small, must have a smith. But this smith is not alone in his grandeur. There must be a carpenter, a butcher, a postman—among others—to make up your community. But if the industry upon which the community as a whole depends does not flourish, the smith and his fellows might as well move on. There will be no money to pay any of the tradesfolk, jobs will cease. This truth that the welfare of the individual depends upon what happens to the basic community enterprise needs to be borne in mind constantly, but it seems especially apt when discussion rages, as it does now, round such a problem as that created by the Eighteenth Amendment.

Here we Americans have arrived at a time when talk of the appropriate powers of the federal government in a given matter is determining the outcome of political campaigns and the future of party control. Unless all signs are misleading, New York state will be asked to choose between two candidates for the governor's office both of whom are in virtual agreement that the Eighteenth Amendment ought to be repealed in a way which will prevent the return of the old saloon. This declaration and the qualifications which accompany it are easily open to criticism from students of government. It is tempered by political expediency. Realizing that thousands of citizens who believe that Volsteadism has failed would nevertheless resent the resurrection of the saloon, candidates propose that it shall be as dead as the Neanderthal man. But, granted that public opinion will be organized to the extent permitting the abolition of the Eighteenth Amendment, can the return of the saloon be prevented? On this point we are inclined to think that President Butler is right. Either repeal does not mean what the word implies, or it signifies that the right to control the manufacture and sale of liquor will be given back to the states.

For what, concretely expressed, does the present trend mean? On the surface it indicates a change of the public mind. State after state shows the dry forces in retreat before the attack of those who think the "noble experiment" no better than a stab at perpetual motion. Such a marked alteration in mentality is, of course, impossible. The people of the United States has not been converted; it has been awakened from indifference by a sequence of outcries and debates. Prohibition came into existence because there lived in virtually every town a minister of the Gospel, an educator or a civically minded person whose business it was to look after and try to improve community morality. This business is in every sense of the term honorable. Owing to the tradition and temperament of thousands of American villages and cities, liquor seemed to be the chief of the moralist's foes. There

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were, first of all, the lurid cases of the ne'er-do-wells—old soaks and bar-room devotees whose alcoholic families lived in want and whose personal fortunes wrung the heart. Then came the political and social effects of the places where liquor was sold. The saloon was a kind of club officered by those who had the greatest stake in the profits and who believed in mergers long before twentieth-century banks thought of them. The old-time saloon magnate had his money in prostitution and gambling, too, and kept a close watch on politics not merely for safety purposes but also because politics could be made to pay.

It was inevitable that when the moralist's influence grew, hostility to the saloon would become more pronounced. Finally the ministers and their associates were strong enough to wage a successful campaign for an amendment to the national constitution. They possessed a more intelligent and more righteous leadership than saloon venality could boast of. But they made a mistake. They forgot completely that the moralist is not the only person in town, and that—to come back to our truism—the welfare of the individual depends upon what happens to the basic community enterprise. Necessarily this was business. Of course the state exists to safeguard rights which are so much in accord with conscience that decent government has granted them so long ago as to make them seem natural. Primarily, however, the state is neither the custodian of the conscience nor the agency for effecting the dictates of conscience. Holiness, earnestness, grace, beauty the community receives elsewhere than in its national capital. The test of good government is always to be made with the instruments of economics.

Well, prohibition assumed that the moralist's right to oppose existing forms of liquor traffic was so generally endorsed by citizens that it could be underwritten by the government. It also assumed that the economic test could be overlooked. In both cases it was hopelessly wrong. The public conscience was not opposed to the use and sale of liquor. In fact, the business probably outstripped all its former records, huge profits accruing to those subterranean sales forces which catered to millions. Meanwhile the policy to which the government was committed proved economically very bad. Enforcement was an expensive activity the outstanding result of which—had it even in a measure succeeded—would have been to drive a host of would-be consumers out of the country. And quite apart from all such matters there was the fact that candidates for public office were measured not by their ability to think intelligently about the community's business, but by the intensity of the enthusiasm with which they would vote dry. Thereby the moralist showed himself indifferent to the foremost purpose of the state. Or was it that he knew nothing about the state?

Today he has been pilloried and pummeled to an extent which often seems genuinely alarming. It is true that he deserves every wallop. Blunders are not crimes but when committed by responsible persons they are punished as justly and ruthlessly. But there are certain other aspects of the situation we cannot overlook. Has youth been given the impression that all social preaching except that which inoculates a liberal attitude is stupid and reprehensible? Does the cartoon, current everywhere, of the croaking dry parson honestly express the conviction of modern America? Perhaps there are some regions where these queries are answered in the negative. But they are insulated districts, comparatively unaffected by those tremendous migratory population drifts which constitute the dynamic United States of the present. As a whole we have tugged away from the moralist so hard that he has little left but a few strands of rope. This truth has the universal self-evidence of the store-window. The thou-shalt-nots which used to affect family life have gone into the discard like old phonograph records, while the divorcees romp back from Mexico City, and children—accidents will happen—go off to grandmother. Expedientists have triumphed on every front. The gravest problems of national policy are discussed only by utilitarians, and the one remedy for unemployment is to shut down. And—nothing can make us believe that if the tide finally turns anybody can keep the old saloon permanently buried.

For how shall we specify that the saloon must be outlawed? Is the club or the restaurant a saloon? Will the constitution, in a lengthy postscript, distinguish carefully between Hinky Dink's and a hotel? And will the thirsty citizen insist upon getting a drink anywhere excepting in a saloon? No. If the American public rises and blots out the Eighteenth Amendment, it may honor the occasion with a few bows to its old, discredited mentors, but everybody will realize that these are members of the party of the late departed. And the truth that years must elapse before the normal moralistic forces in our society recover their power and significance is the one genuine ominous creature bred by our twelve years of drought. The preacher, having crowned himself, is peered at by the multitude. It is an old, old story but mankind seems unable to remember it. In former ages the alliance between moral authority and government, though it had the excuse that the second was personal and set an example universally followed, ended in a rout. Can we expect anything better after two centuries of individualism? Perhaps there is something to be said now for these words of Emerson's address to the Cambridge divinity students: "My friends, there are resources in us on which we have not drawn. There are men who rise refreshed on hearing a threat; men to whom a crisis which intimidates and paralyzes the majority—demanding not the faculties of prudence and thrift, but comprehension, immovableness, the readiness of sacrifice—comes graceful and beloved as a bride. Napoleon said of Massena, that he was not himself until the battle began to go against him; then, when the dead began to fall in ranks around him, he put on terror and victory as a robe."

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THE DISTRIBUTIST

By G. K. CHESTERTON

Requested by The Commonweal to outline the economic views he had defended, Mr. Chesterton replied by sending us the following paper which is intended to be the first of two. He explains that "the Distributist believes that the modern movement should be centrifugal, and perceives that the modern movement is solely and exclusively centripetal." Thus it is that the Distributists occupy an important place as critics of the existing order—or disorder. "Distributism, so far, is a tendency to reverse a tendency." A subsequent paper will outline the practical hopes of the movement.—The Editors.

DISTRIBUTISM is an approximate name for an approximate thing. That, to begin with, is where it is something more and less than socialism, or the optimist organizing forms of Capitalism. It aims at the more equal distribution of private property, especially in the primary forms of property such as land. But it does not necessarily expect to cut up the country into the precise pattern of a chessboard. Whereas the Utopian Capitalist or Collectivist does expect that his pattern of concentric rings will remain exactly as it is, with its rings unbroken. The difference between the ideas lies deep in the moral philosophies from which they sprang; the first Distributists in the modern English group, if not necessarily Catholics, were men with that sort of common sense which is actually produced by the complexity of Catholicism. For common sense does not come with simplicity, in the sense of mere simplification. Intellectual simplification is never far from fanaticism. It takes all sorts to make a church; it takes all sorts to make a Distributist state; in one sense it includes those who are not Distributists. Just as we wish economic power balanced between various citizens, and not trusted blindly to one monopolist, so we want social and moral power balanced between different types and tenures, and not all blindly trusted to one monotonous ideal. We do not so much wish the world to be Distributist as wish it to be more Distributist; but not necessarily more and more Distributist.

I can perfectly well imagine a community in which there is too little Communism. Indeed, there has actually been such a community, ever since the destruction of the monasteries. But the moral philosophy behind most modern experiments means one of two things: either the theory that a centralized plan can be so perfect that we need never criticize the action of the centre; or else that some one idea, such as Centralization, can be pushed further and further forever. I do not say that Distributism can be pushed further and further forever. I say that it badly wants pushing now. And it wants pushing, not because it is the only idea that now needs to be considered, but because it is the only idea that is blankly and utterly ignored.

We may begin any such explanation either at the live end or the dead end; but the duties of modern scientific discussion require us to begin at the dead end. I mean that there is now an unavoidable custom of describing all human things in material or mathematical formulas: margins and multiples and mechanical reactions and the rest. Bowing my head to this ritual, I would explain with all solemnity that the Distributist believes that the modern movement should be centrifugal, and perceives that the modern movement is solely and exclusively centripetal. In an older and more human language, he is so eccentric as to feel more affection for a fountain than for a whirlpool. He recognizes that the whirlpool is a most exact and exquisite spiral curve, very scientific when recorded in charts and diagrams; and that the fountain, in comparison, is liable to splash people rather indiscriminately. But he would rather be splashed than drowned; and he is firmly convinced that the heart of the modern whirlpool is hollow and is the dwelling-place of death.

To use a more homely and fitting figure, the Distributist, like his friend the peasant, begins with a profound suspicion about the wisdom of putting all his eggs in one basket. Like the peasant, he is notably cold when it is made clear that it will not even be his own basket. He feels this as equally true, whether it is the big basket of Capitalist or Communist organization. He does not believe that they are golden eggs, laid by some silly goose of a politician or plutocrat; he is quite willing to agree that many of them are rotten eggs, and do not so much come from the politician as return upon him in showers. But he wants the average output of eggs, good or bad, distributed into all the different baskets of different families; and not all trusted to the gigantic bag of the carpet-bagger. Or rather, to come to the core of the conception, he wishes as many families as possible to have their own eggs in the sense of keeping their own chickens. He wishes them to have, as far as possible, several ownerships of the means of production. Above all, he says that this is *not* the same thing as buying eggs easily at the stores or getting them from that great store called the state. For the store, if it is a ring, may choose to sell nothing but small eggs or bad eggs; the statesman, if he is a higher thinker, may think it is immoral to eat anything except ducks' eggs; or the state may impose a law of total prohibition of eggs, because of the notorious excesses of niggers in stealing chickens.

In short, in so far as most families, or many families, or even a few families, have access to actual production, independent of the new centralized organizations, those families alone are free. They are free in the perfectly practical sense that they cannot be instantly starved out, if they oppose the powers of the world on

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any point of justice or self-respect. Now what we remark about this form of freedom is that the world has apparently forgotten all about it; not that the world fails to perfect it or universalize it, but that the world utterly despises and destroys it; that the world is engaged in strengthening and tightening up vast centralized systems under which it cannot exist at all, anywhere, anyhow or for anybody. And we start by saying that the total loss of this true economic independence, as a basis for political and spiritual independence, is one vast blunder to which the world is bound and to which the world is blind.

But in all these things we recognize that we are in one sense supporting a relative truth, and do not expect more than a relative triumph. It is for us a matter of proportion rather than perfection; but, if once we accept the real idea of property, we must agree that recent progress has not the very vaguest idea of proportion. It is making no attempt of any sort to preserve property from being entirely swallowed up in the whirpools of commercial or civic Centralization. One of the queerest jests in human history is that in which a politician once described this extraordinary condition of Capitalism as "normalcy." It is almost as abnormal as anarchy. It is specially and peculiarly *without* the elements of balance, of criticism and a consideration of both sides. The Capitalists, or rather Monopolists, who are now maintaining it, are in the most exact sense of the word Extremists. But the Distributists are not Extremists. They recognize that there must be a gradation and a difference of application in their test of a state. The man who could live on his own eggs or vegetables is the standard of that state. He represents the ideal to which it approximates; but there are many other forms of property which, each in its degree, can be approximations. Property in houses and shops and tools counts for a great deal; even property in money for much; property in stocks and shares, if they are honest, for something. But the list is enough to show that property gets further and further from liberty, as it gets nearer and nearer to the conveniences and conventions of current finance. The stocks are at the mercy of the stock exchange; even the coinage is at the mercy of the crown or government; only the kitchen garden and the fowl run are held ultimately under the mercy of God.

Distributism, so far, is a tendency to reverse a tendency. But the Distributist does not necessarily think that one tendency is to be trusted forever at the expense of everything else. He only points out that Centralization is now in fact being trusted at the expense of everything else. This distinction must be kept in mind when we consider whether he has any chances of success; or how far he may be already succeeding. I hope to say something about these more practical prospects in another article.

CATHOLIC AND ORTHODOX MENTALITY

By ARCHBISHOP ANDREW SZEPTYCKYJ

NOW that the return of individual eastern dissidents to the unity of the Catholic Church has become so common a happening, and that the Holy See has expressed so clearly and so often its concern for the reaggregation of our separated eastern brethren, it is more than ever important to understand and to set out clearly the difficulties that stand in the way both of personal "submissions" and of reunion between the Catholic Church and any one or all of the Orthodox Churches. In this article, let us disown all pessimism and sedulously avoid any exaggeration of these difficulties.

It is certain that the Orthodox faith is, in its very essence, none other than the Catholic faith as apprehended previous to the schism of the East. Hence, the difference at the present day is not great nor essential. The faith of the first seven councils is essentially that which has developed into the Catholic faith of today. This evolution touches the essence, it is true, but only so as to bring to it accidental modifications. The primitive faith contains and implies all the dogmas that have since been deduced from it by ecclesiastical definitions. Only the evolution that it has undergone in the West distinguishes the faith as we know it from the primitive faith of the undivided Church. If, however, the Orthodox faith has remained, in principle, such as it was in the tenth century, *ideas* have undergone in the East an evolution that is very considerable. The conservative spirit of the East, which is so marked a characteristic among the common folk, is much less noticeable among the educated classes, and especially among theologians. Even if we were still tenth-century Catholics and the evolution of ideas in the East much less advanced, it would nevertheless be extremely difficult to conceal the wide divergency existing between East and West.

Often it is the minuteness and subtility of the differences that make mutual understanding so difficult. It is something like the line of cleavage of Thomist and Molinist in the great controversy on grace. How is it that the adepts of those schools can hardly ever come to an understanding? The reason is that all along the line of argument there occur differences so subtle that they can only be rendered by simultaneous negatives and affirmatives: a singular sort of logic! It is as though a child were to say: "My mother is angry with me; not *really,* you know, but . . . angry all the same." The shade of meaning is evident enough. When two theologians, for example, are disputing about the manner in which the sacraments

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are the cause of grace—whether the physical or the moral cause—they can by no means agree; for each one has a different idea of the notion of cause; and this difference baffles definition in so many words; and the idea itself, subtle though it be, is but a gross image of the thing itself. Art, too, has depths almost as great as these, humanly speaking, and can render certain subtleties of line and color that neither the eye can seize nor the hand reproduce. If a number of painters undertook to copy the head of Christ in Leonardo's Last Supper, at Milan, each one of these artists would make a different thing of it. Now, the image of Christ that is at the root of every Christian denomination can be but a distant likeness of the original; and two Christian commonwealths, having the same faith and the same dogmas, may have ideas, which though essentially identical, yet are accidentally so different as to appear mutually hostile. It is thus that the East differs from the West, even in questions where there is no real difference at all, and that owing to numberless subtleties which escape all attempts at expression.

Here is an example of the foregoing. The Greek Fathers of the fourth century had certain ideas about the Most Holy Trinity which, while they were fundamentally the same as those of the Latin Fathers, nevertheless might be distinguished by certain shades of meaning: very fine shades, yet possessing a certain doctrinal import. To put it in a general and abstract way, we should say that the eastern perception of a given idea differed from the western perception of it by reason of the stress placed by the former on one feature of the idea, and that placed on another feature of the same idea by the latter. One party takes the idea *in sensu recto,* the other *in sensu obliquo.* The former would consider the Most Holy Trinity first with reference to the three individual Persons *in recto* then pass on to the consideration of the divine common essence, *in obliquo.* The latter would proceed the other way about. The first manner of considering the Most Holy Trinity would be that of the Greek Fathers; the second that of the Latins.

Imagine, now, two schools of theology, in each of which every concept shall be viewed under two different aspects. Neither will deny the legitimacy of the other's views. But the partizans of each will grow accustomed to stress more and more this or that aspect of reality and attribute greater importance to certain features of an idea, leaving other features in the shade. It is evident that these two schools will develop different mentalities; and, without ever denying their reciprocal conclusions, they may grow apart and get widely separated and lacking in mutual sympathy.

Let us now consider the idea of the Church. There are in this idea two sides or aspects, each susceptible of distinct development. The Church of Jesus Christ may be considered as a juridical society, with all the framework essential to such an institution, putting into the background everything that does not directly concern the outward and social aspect of the Church. On the other hand one may contemplate only the spiritual side of the Church, putting in the first place sanctifying grace which unites every member to Christ, and member to member, and putting aside all thought of the temporalities. These two viewpoints are both perfectly legitimate: the notion of the Church as a whole includes and synthesizes them. The one were incomplete without the other; the denial of one by the other would be an error.

But it is not only abstract ideas that engender differences of viewpoints. Life is the telling factor in this our daily warfare. Now, if preference is given to certain aspects of an idea, all other aspects being set aside, then certain characteristics and latent forces are apt to prevail in the life of the Church; and without changing the essence of the idea or proclaiming any new definitions of it, men may begin to think accordingly; the favorite aspects of the idea become exaggerated, all other aspects being forgotten. In this way, they eventually form concepts that are not only incomplete but inexact.

When we Catholics speak of the Church, we are thinking almost always of the Church militant. Our tendency is to consider in the first place only the exterior and social aspects of the Church; and among those aspects we are concerned especially with the one that seems to be the chief feature of the edifice, its great strength and the cause of its unity, namely, the primacy of jurisdiction of the Roman Pontiff. Tenth-century Christians had this idea, indeed, but they were far from viewing the matter as we do. The definitions that they had did not exhibit the Church in the dominant aspect that we know. The outlines of the design, as presented today, were as yet half veiled. It required a millennium of development to arrive at the definitions of the Vatican Council.

To study this exterior aspect of the Church does not involve the denial of the internal and invisible bones and sinews that uphold it; nor does it make us forget the Spouse of Christ, sanctified by intimate, mystical union with the Bridegroom. But, the more we are compelled by the exigencies of our militant life to reinforce the exterior and social defenses of the Church, the more darkly is the mystical concept veiled and hidden in the background of our vision. The difficulty of viewing at a glance all sides of the Church leads us, at times, to forget those parts that are mystical, because hidden and invisible, while we are wholly taken up with the social aspects and activities. In the midst of our apostolic labors, social welfare and the commonweal appear to be the essential things in our Christian life, which must be upheld against those who, traveling by another route, are absorbed in the consideration of the mystical aspects of the Church and seem to deny altogether the social. By this means we come to form ideas and a mentality quite different from those of the eastern, non-Catholic Christians in their thought and speech concerning the Church. We hold with them a common creed; and the most ex-

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plicit of all its articles is that concerning the Church. It sets forth clearly the essential marks of the Church, which have remained the common basis of Catholic and Orthodox definitions. Yet, in spite of this fact, our concepts are so widely different! It were perhaps true to say that Catholics view the *extension* of the Church and the numbers of the faithful, whereas the Orthodox see only the *depth* of the Church and the quality of its members. These concepts are as two lines or planes intersecting each other at right angles: Catholics viewing the horizontal plane that covers the face of the earth, while the Orthodox contemplate the perpendicular which joins earth to heaven. This diversity of concept must always be borne in mind in our discussions concerning the Church.

Among dissident Christians "phyletism" or nationalism has led to hopeless divisions and sects. This may appear to be a strong argument in proof of the claim of the Catholic Church to be the true guardian and continuator of the primitive tradition. But this argument is of no significance in the eyes of the Orthodox, save that we appear to glory in the perplexities of our adversaries, and so to be lacking in charity. Historical arguments will never serve to convince them; and the exterior, social, quantitative or statistical facts are to them of little importance. When Jesus was crucified, when the apostles suffered martyrdom, the situation of the Church, materially and socially, was far more desperate than that of the Orthodox Church today. "What care we," they say, "for the number of the faithful and the extension of the Church? What matters is the depth of Christian sentiment; and, in the eyes of God, one saintly soul is better than many indifferent ones."

However difficult it may be to come to an agreement on points of dogmatic and speculative theology, one would think that all Christians, regardless of profession or belief, might agree as to morality. We all receive the divine commandments and, in the main, interpret them in the same way. Yet it is precisely here that the most marked and deep-rooted differences are found. Even moral theology is a bone of contention between Catholics and the Orthodox. For the former it is a positive discipline, treating of the duties of Christians. The Catholic theologian works out the scope and degree of obligation of every law. This precision, this careful consideration of whatever may change or modify a moral obligation, only scandalizes our separated brethren. "It is casuistry," they say, "and such subtleties are of no importance, in real life. 'Tis but the pharisaism of the lawyers and has nothing in common with the Gospel of Jesus Christ. Christian ethics (moral theology if you choose to call it by that name) should treat before all things of the love of God, of prayer, of the mystical depths of human life and the elevation of the soul toward God." In other words, for the Orthodox, moral theology is practically the same science which we call asceticism and mysticism. Moral theology, in the western sense of the term, can hardly be said to exist in the East as a special system of discipline; it is viewed with a certain light-hearted contempt and left almost wholly to the intuition and scant learning of the faithful and their confessors.

On one point touching the spiritual life the Greek Fathers are to be distinguished from the Latin, almost as sharply as in the dispute concerning the Most Holy Trinity: it is the question of sanctity. Whereas the struggles of the Church against the Pelagians had led to the formulating in the West of dogmas concerning grace, the Greek Fathers, having no such preoccupation, laid great stress on the part to be played by the will in the economy of salvation (saving always the great truths defined by particular synods in the West). But historical evolution has reversed the respective positions of the two Churches. In the East, going far beyond the theses of Saint John Chrysostom, they have adopted passivity as their characteristic note, as distinguished from the prevailing activity of the West; and this difference is to be seen in all the essential phases of Christian life. For the Eastern, holiness consists chiefly in absolute retirement from the world. Only recluses, anchorites, non-speakers and stylites answer fully to the oriental idea of sanctity. The Eastern can hardly conceive of the active sanctity of an apostle; at best he considers it abnormal and unthinkable as a model for Christians in general. Hence, too, their idea of prayer, which is akin to the contemplation of a hermit rather than to that in which the western Christian seeks strength for the daily struggles of life.

The oriental notion of the sacraments illustrates very well this spiritual passivity of character. In the West, the sacrament of confirmation is reserved for those who have attained the age of reason and are approaching the years of adolescence, when the passions must be mastered and special graces are needed for this warfare. In the East, however, confirmation is administered to infants immediately after baptism, being considered as the seal of the Holy Ghost (as they have it in their formula) which is passively received by the child. Marriage, in the East, is a blessing imposed by the priest, the parties having nothing to do or to say even by way of a sign of consent. Hence, for them, no marriage is sacramental without the blessing of the priest. This is the very opposite of the western notion of marriage, which is understood to be essentially a contract whose ministers are the contracting parties, for whom the sacrament *may* be valid even without the blessing of the priest. Penance, in the West, is a sacrament requiring detailed self-examination and self-accusation on the part of the penitent. In the East, this is reduced to a general confession, answering to the questions of the confessor. This general self-accusation is taken as constituting a formal avowal; and this manner of confession as practised by the Russian people must be held by western theologians as sufficient. But what a testimony it bears to the passive character of the eastern soul, as Monsignor

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Duchesne has so well described it! The taking of monastic vows in the East is likewise signified by a mere benediction. It is a grace bestowed on the new monk, rather than an act performed by him. Nor do they speak of his having made his profession, but only that he has received the habit.

Thus in the practice of the sacraments we establish deep divergencies between Latin ideas and those of the East. These divergencies partly correspond to those of the epochs during which they formed, as may be verified particularly by a consideration of Eucharistic *cultus*. The cult of the Holy Eucharist has remained in the East as it probably was throughout the Church during the era of the Fathers. The Eucharist is considered above all as a sacrifice, which, on the other hand, must not be isolated from the whole scheme of divine worship. In this way the whole Eucharistic cult consists of that part of divine worship which in the East receives the specific name of the Liturgy: the time when the priest offers the most holy sacrifice at the altar. The Eucharist as an ever-present sacrament, that is, the continuing Real Presence of Jesus Christ under the species of bread and wine, is esteemed a matter of far less importance. It remains completely hidden, it is left as a mystery, one which perhaps is at the bottom of all devotion toward Our Lord, but which has no other exterior way of manifestation. In the West, on the contrary, the faith in the Real Presence gives to the sacrament in its permanent aspect an importance which it has not in the East. The Eucharist as a sacrifice, which is often separated from the rest of divine worship (e.g., from Holy Communion, and sometimes deprived of its liturgical (that is to say, its collective) character, tends to take second place and no longer to have the importance of the time when only its sacrificial character was seen in it.

It naturally follows that Easterns are sometimes accused of lacking in devotion toward the Holy Eucharist. One who goes into a church, and prostrates himself before the images without taking the slightest notice of the Real Presence of Jesus Christ, is criticized adversely—and not without reason. That there are lamps burning in front of the ikons but not before the Blessed Sacrament causes astonishment. It seems, indeed, to be reserved with far too little veneration, with scarcely more respect than is given to the holy oils, except that It is always put in a tabernacle on the altar. The Oriental answers that the lamps which burn before the images, and the holy images themselves, and the ikonostasis (picture-screen) are all of them venerated simply and solely because they are a throne of Christ, that all this worship is directed ultimately to Him and to Him only. He will say to the Westerns: Yours is an extraordinary claim, to be admitted at any and every moment to the immediate Presence of the Sovereign Lord of all. For us, we are content to see His throne from afar. We do not even dare to approach it, we do not dare to pass the holy doors beyond which the King of Glory is enthroned. To dare that, one must be a priest and in sacerdotal dress; moreover, it is only during the Offices and at certain specially appointed times that these holy doors may be open. When we are in church we, ordinary lay people, hold ourselves to be in heaven. "The throne of the Lord is surrounded by all the holy ministers, by all the angels, and by all the saints." It is only beyond them, in the heights of heaven, that we perceive the Lord.

In the West, piety is excited by displaying the Blessed Sacrament. In the East the same result is obtained by hiding it. The act of exposing the Holy Things is not unknown in eastern worship, and it symbolizes the moment at which we perceive Jesus Christ in heaven. But this symbolic unveiling is only performed on two occasions: before Communion, when the faithful are invited to draw near, and after Communion, when what is left of the Holy Things is adored, upon being taken from the altar to the credence-table (prothesis), symbolizing the Ascension. Apart from these occasions the eastern rite before all wishes to emphasize the character of mystery of the Eucharist and to show the depth of this mystery. Hence all the observances which tend to hide the Blessed Sacrament and to keep the faithful at a distance from the seat of justice (bema), as the altar is called. It is, indeed, the general eastern attitude toward what is holy: it is covered; to uncover it would be almost to profane it. This characteristic was pointed out to me by Father Sergios Verighini, an eminent liturgist who has, unhappily, published very few of his writings. He instanced other examples, among them the covering of the priest's head, even at the altar; the covering of the face in the coffin; the covered relics during the procession at the consecration of a church; the Blessed Sacrament covered whenever It is taken from one place to another (e.g., during the Liturgy of the Presanctified).

Byzantine iconography, which expresses many aspects of Christian life and worship, clearly indicates many of the points which establish this difference of mentality between the East and the West. Possibly it would be misleading to judge the characteristics of western piety from its pictures and statues. I may, however, justifiably point out this: western piety follows western iconography in giving to holy things a certain realistic character. Holy things are brought down to human levels; angels and saints are represented in contemporary dress or in the dress proper to their time. The East, on the contrary, seeks to give to the objects of its worship an abstract and hieratic character, thus producing an atmosphere of solemnity and dignity. All realism is so far as possible avoided. This helps to explain the eastern attitude toward the Blessed Sacrament: Westerns, for their sanctification, draw it down into the realm of "the every day," the visible, and the tangible; Orientals, with the same object, lift it up as high as possible, placing it, so to say, in the inaccessible place of light where dwells Divinity.

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An analogous difference may be noticed in all the movements and attitudes of worship: the Western does not scruple to sit in church, the Oriental speaks of "standing before God" or "standing in prayer."

The East, then, differs from the West less in its beliefs than in its way of considering and using them. Perhaps it would be an exaggeration to say that the East has a logic different from that of the West, for no Oriental will deny, for example, any of the rules for human thought proposed by Aristotle. It is the lines on which their thought runs, the way in which they aproach things, that differ. It is clear that these ways and approaches can differ endlessly. The same individual can have at different ages mentalities so different that they can hardly be reconciled. One is reminded of the distinction, posed by a German philosopher, between the *homonoumenon* and the *homophainomenon* which, though relative to the same object, can never agree. To me the difference seems even greater between what the Holy Scriptures call, relatively to the same individual, the "old man" and the "new man." Using that biblical expression in the category of time, what an abyss separates our being at fifty or sixty years from what it was at the age of fifteen or twenty. What a gulf then necessarily must lie between two forms of Christianity which have followed such differing ways since the ninth century, which have gone through various trials, been subjected to opposing influences and received different setbacks, and of which the respective evolutions have been influenced by historical conditions, social, political and national, having little in common. The past 1,000 years must be retrodden, and in the reverse direction.

I do not wish to suggest that the difficulties ought, or even are able, to discourage those who undertake the task. The human race, which ordinarily advances at the pace of a snail when it is a question of fundamental ideas, is subject sometimes to violent and unexpected, almost prodigious, changes. Generally it takes at least a generation for a given society to take the step which corresponds to a new idea. But it occasionally happens that a human society travels in one year a distance which would have taken several centuries in other circumstances. Nature, say the philosophers, makes no leaps—but volcanic eruptions are not unknown. History is full of such sudden phenomena, e.g., the barbarian invasion, the passage from the middle ages to modern times, the French Revolution, the Russian Revolution. Certainly the history of the human race has a rhythm which we do not know; we catch certain modulations, but for the greater part this secular rhythm escapes the most profound observation. For lack of a sufficiently long perspective of time, we are baffled and upset by fresh stages, critical moments, volcanic eruptions in general. Contemporaries often mistake the beginning of a new era for the end of all things.

It was almost seven hundred years from the laying by Constantine of the first stones of Caesaropapism in the foundations of Byzantium till they vomited themselves out in the final disastrous eruption of the religious schism between the East and the West. Will the coming together also take 700 years? Are we at the beginning or nearing the end of the period of return? Who can say? But it seems beyond doubt that the reconciliation has begun.

HOW THE CENTRE PARTY VOTES

By JOHN B. MASON

THE political life of few countries has been as enriched and at times enlivened by the existence of a "Catholic" party as Germany. Ever since her unification in 1871 her national life has been deeply influenced by the well-organized Centre party which claims to be "the political representation of the Catholic element of the German people."

This Centre party is at present, as so often in the past, exercising a tremendous political influence. Headed by Monsignor Kaas, a university professor, priest and statesman of no mean calibre, it counts among its representatives in the national cabinet the Chancellor Dr. Brüning, the man at whose request President Hindenburg recently dissolved the Reichstag in accordance with the famous article 48 of the German constitution. For a period of sixty days after the dissolution, until a new Reichstag has been elected, Dr. Brüning and his cabinet, in coöperation with the President, will rule the country with dictatorial powers —an emergency measure provided for in the constitution. Brüning's predecessor as chancellor was Dr. Wilhelm Marx who five years ago ran against Hindenburg for president and was defeated by a plurality of only 800,000 votes. The new President appointed Marx chancellor as the only man able at the time to form a cabinet.

In view of the political importance of the Centre, the question is a burning one as to whether it really is the political representative of Germany's 20,000,000 Catholics—one-third of her entire population. Does Germany have the "Catholic vote" about which we have heard so much and which has at times been predicted for this country?

A young German scholar, Dr. Johannes Schauff, has made detailed and painstaking statistical investigations into this question. His work (Die deutschen Katholiken und die Zentrumspartei von Dr. Johannes Schauff. Cologne: J. P. Bachem) has revealed the extent to which a party is "Catholic" or "Protestant," often to the surprise of students of German politics.

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Since the Kulturkampf, after 1871, during which the Catholic Church in Germany struggled doggedly with the government for its independence and freedom, relatively fewer Catholic than non-Catholic voters have taken part in the national elections, in spite of the existence of a "Catholic" party. In 1907, e. g., in the fifteen electoral districts with an almost 100 percent Protestant population all but 15.7 percent of the voters went to the polls, while in the five districts with an equally large preponderance of Catholic population 31 percent of the voters failed to do so. During the Kulturkampf the number of Catholic voters had been as high as 114 and even 120 percent of the total average for the Reich, only to decline in later years when the Catholic Church seemed less in eminent danger.

The extension of the suffrage to women has been especially advantageous to the Centre. This was shown by a number of careful statistical investigations as, e. g., in the Reichstag election of 1920 when separate voting facilities were provided for 850,000 men and women in eighteen electoral districts. The percentage of women voters of a party was found to be the higher the more the party stressed religious or patriotic ideas. The Centre thus gained at least 10 percent, and the Right and Middle parties more than the Left groups, though it had been the latter which had done most to give women the right to vote.

Though in the last elections probably 98 percent of the Centre votes came from Catholics, this fact is not in itself proof of the existence of anything like a solid Catholic vote. The important question is: How large a *percentage* of all the German Catholic voters support the Centre? By means of mathematical calculations Dr. Schauff has concluded that since the war only about one-half of the Catholic *men* voters have supported the Centre and Bavarian People's party. In 1871, the percentage had been 57.2 percent, rising in 1874 to 83 percent, and reaching the peak in 1881 with 86.3 percent. From then on the percentage had declined, to 54.6 percent in 1912 and 51.8 percent in December, 1924. According to Dr. Schauff's findings, based on the December, 1924, national election, 58.1 percent of all Catholics, men and women, voted for the Centre, 17.8 percent for the Right, 21 percent for the Left, and 3.1 percent for other parties. The average relation of Right to Left (non-Centre) Catholic votes was 46 to 54. In the different parts of Prussia the relation varied, from 25 to 75 in the government district of Wiesbaden to 70 to 30 in Königsberg. The districts tending to the Left were in the majority.

The Socialists were the strongest attraction to non-Centre Catholics, being supported by 10.8 percent of them. The Communist party followed second with fully 7.6 percent! While in the election of December, 1924, this party polled only 28 percent of the total vote in Prussia for the Socialists and Communists combined, or 22.9 percent of all votes going to the Left parties, it won in the same election in the Catholic districts of Prussia 41 percent of the Socialist plus Communist, or 36 percent of all the Left votes. The already high percentage, viz. 54, of non-Centre Catholics voting for the Left has therefore to be evaluated still higher in consideration of the surprising Communist gains. We may conclude that when Catholics leave the Centre, they usually go to the radical Left, the Socialists and Communists, especially in solid Catholic districts. Among the parties of the Right which combined drew 17.8 percent of the entire Catholic vote, or 46 percent of the non-Centre Catholic vote, we find again an unexpected Left tendency, expressing itself in a relatively stronger preference for Dr. Stresemann's People's party than for the National party, the Nationalists pure and simple.

In the Catholic districts of Bavaria, comprising 78 percent of Bavaria's Catholic population, the election results were very different. Not only voted fewer Catholics for the Centre (58.1 percent in Prussia, 44 percent in Bavaria) but also many more for the Left parties who shared as much as 70 percent of the Bavarian non-Centre Catholic vote. In distinction from Prussia, however, the Bavarian moderate Left is very strong and the extreme Left decidedly weak.

The Centre and the Bavarian People's party are almost solidly Catholic in their following. Probably 98 percent of their 5,250,000 in December, 1924, came from Catholics. But many Catholics clearly voted for other parties, and it was the Communists who in relation to their strength drew more Catholic votes than any other non-Centre party, namely one-fifth of their entire strength, or 590,000 votes. The following table shows the proportion of Catholic and Protestant votes received by the different parties, both in actual number and relative percentages:

NON-CENTRE PARTIES

	CATHOLIC VOTES		PROTESTANT VOTES	
	Number	*Percentage of total party vote*	*Number*	*Percentage of total party vote*
Communists	590,000	21.8	1,875,000	69.3
Democratic party..	290,000	15.2	1,430,000	74.5
Socialists	1,117,000	14.9	6,240,000	78.5
People's party....	365,000	12.1	2,635,000	87.8
National party....	800,000	11.9	5,900,000	88.1

The National party is consequently the most "Protestant" party, only 10 percent less solidly "Protestant" than the Centre is solidly "Catholic"! The People's party follows a very close second, with only 0.3 percent difference in its "Protestant" character. Of all Protestant votes combined, the Right drew 49 percent and the Left 51 percent. The Socialists and the Nationalists polled almost one-third each of the total number. Of all Catholic votes, the Centre drew 58.1 percent, the Left parties combined 21 percent and the Right parties 17.8 percent, the rest being shared by other parties.

In all above calculations, those persons were considered Catholic who had designated themselves as

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such in the census. Of all faithful (*bekenntnistreu*) Catholics, i. e., those who at least took the Easter Communion, 69 percent voted for the Centre and Bavarian People's party. There was a strong relationship between faithful Church membership and the number of Centre votes. The Centre was strongly entrenched in those districts where the population is strongly *bekenntnistreu,* and weak where it is less so. Bavaria is again a surprise. Not only is she the preponderantly Catholic state in which the majority (56 percent) of Catholics do not support the Centre but she has also the most faithful Catholics, viz., 43.6 per cent, who do not vote for it. Even Prussian districts with a small Catholic minority surpass in this respect Catholic Bavaria. In the Reich as a whole 31 percent of all faithful Catholics voted in December, 1924, for a party other than the Centre or Bavarian People's party. Without Bavaria, the percentage was 24.

That German Catholics ever formed a political party of their own, and that over a period of sixty years it received the loyal support of so many of them, has its reason particularly in German political and historical conditions. The Centre party was founded in the hectic years of the Kulturkampf to protect the Catholic Church by political means against the flagrant encroachments upon its religious freedom by a political institution, the state. The Centre made it its aim and purpose to obtain by constitutional means the repeal of obnoxious and oppressive laws and to protect the Church in the same way against future attacks. While it also adopted a comprehensive and mostly liberal political and economic program on what it considered a Christian basis it lost, or never gained, the support of many Catholic voters. They found themselves attracted to other parties, often very inimical to the Centre, on account of their professional, economic or social interests. The Centre may therefore undoubtedly be called "a party *of* Catholics" but not the or a "Catholic party" of Germany.

From recent German history and the analysis of the vote of German Catholics it is apparent that only political persecution will unite effectively members of a religious group for common political action. As long as religious freedom and tolerance are the policy of this or any other country, we need not anticipate the appearance of a "Catholic party" or "Catholic vote," or, as far as that is concerned, the foundation of any party or political group based upon a denominational basis.

SHOPGIRLS: 1930 MODEL

(Places and Persons)

By PAUL BROWN

WE WERE looking at a rare and beautiful Chinese vase in the secluded gallery where such things were for sale in a great department store. It was facinatingly beautiful, but too valuable, we decided reluctantly, and were about to walk away. The salesgirl, who had been unobtrusively hovering in the background, seemed to sense not only our reluctant decision not to buy the vase but the reason for it, as well. She came forward and smilingly asked us if it were not a perfectly gorgeous example of Ming pottery. We had to agree with her. We had bought many pieces of Chinese ware from her in the past. She knew our likes.

"Everyone but people who really know think it is too expensive," she said—thereby flatteringly including us among the well-informed—"but it is really quite a bargain. Several companion vases have recently been sold to a museum and this piece is probably the only Ming example which will harmonize perfectly with the things you already have."

What she said was true, but not one person in a thousand would have recognized it. The things which make for harmonious association in Chinese pottery are not always the same things which indicate that happy situation in lesser possessions. I glanced at her with mild surprise.

"You know," she continued, "a number of students have come to believe that a number of the vases made in the early Ming dynasty . . ." and we received a pleasantly illuminating and authorative discourse on obscure and ancient China that was astounding. It probably was a great success, from her viewpoint, for we ended it by buying the vase—but it was a revelation to me.

Despite the fact that I went into department stores more or less regularly to buy various things I still retained a vague opinion that shopgirls—or salesgirls, as they are now called—were not vastly different from those I had met in literature of the O. Henry period. While I noticed, of course, that they no longer adhered to the "dese, dem and dose" school of pronounciation, I failed to perceive that there was any other considerable difference. That failure was the result of a complete indifference, a thorough lack of observation on my part.

After our experience in buying the vase I determined to find out about these modern shopgirls. Perhaps they had all changed as drastically as the first one I had really noticed in years. I visited, in the course of a few weeks, the employment managers of many big stores, the personnel directors of others, the social-service workers of all of them and talked to a lot of

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executives about the female employees who wait on customers who—if they are all as preoccupied as I usually am—never actually see them. My findings were amazing. It often seemed absolutely incredible that shopgirls were the subject of my numerous conversations.

For instance, I discovered that as many as 10 percent of salesgirls in many of the large stores, especially in metropolitan centres, are college women. In arriving at this percentage only colleges which awarded academic degrees were included, not business colleges or commercial schools. They were not obscure institutions of learning, either, for almost every very good woman's college was represented. It happens that most of the women with a college background have less than four years' attendance at college but what they have is increasingly valuable to them in their present work.

All salesgirls have become very important employees. Before they are permitted to sell they are given a short but thorough course, in a school maintained by the store, in courtesy, tolerance, tact, agreeableness, and good taste in manner and dress and, if possible, they are taught how to be charming. They also learn the routine of store management; what to do about it when an improvident looking stranger—who may be one of the store's best customers—casually decides to take with her a $3,000 coat which she wants charged; and how to meet other unique situations which might become emergencies were it not for the training.

If salesgirls are successful in their small part, advancement is certain. This seemed to be the one thing which everyone I spoke to wanted to emphasize—the possibility of advancement. I finally asked what might be considered a typical department-store career. I was given dozens of remarkable cases to consider, authenticated by store records, and they all were astounding.

One case was normal. Miss Jones (a name that will do as well as any other, for the store executives forbid my using her real name for fear that she might be enticed away by a competitor) entered a department store as an extra girl during the Christmas rush eleven years ago. She worked hard, appeared intelligent and pleasant and within four months she was regularly employed as a salesgirl. Her salary then was $13.00 a week, but it was gradually increased until it was $20.00 which was at that time a fair average of wages among women in business.

Then, because she had demonstrated ability, she was placed in charge of the merchandise that was sold in her department—made "head of stock"—and was responsible for having everything that should be on sale available for the possible customer. Her new duties also included the attractive arrangement and display of her stock.

The sales in her department increased and Miss Jones was given an increase in pay by the introduction of a bonus system. At the end of several years she was averaging nearly $50.00 a week.

Promotions made in the organization carried her into the position of assistant buyer, and she acquired all the domestic merchandise for her department. Importations were purchased by the buyer, a much older and more experienced woman who bought for several departments. The promotion carried with it another bonus arrangement which brought her usual income to $60.00 weekly and there the records showed that she "marked time" for nearly five years. She was then nearly thirty years old, although she did not look it. The store had helped her, by means of the customary employee's discount, to keep herself attractive and youthful in appearance, and it was expected that she would make use of these advantages. The beauty parlor and the manicurist received as much patronage as the boot shop. Miss Jones was a competent and capable employee, modern in every way. She lived comfortably in a well-furnished apartment and was a member of a woman's club.

While on her vacation, the buyer for Miss Jones's department was killed in a motor accident and she received the job. That seems to have been the only unusual incident in her career, and the store executives assured me that it expedited her advancement but very little, for she was slated for eventual promotion. Since becoming a buyer she had developed into a department-store executive. Twice a year she goes abroad: buys her foreign-made merchandise, mostly in Paris; supervises the goods she acquires after it reaches the store; and generally oversees the departments for which she is responsible.

At present she has an income, which was shown to me on the auditors books, of more than $10,000 yearly. Nevertheless, she is still what I had been thinking of as a shopgirl, for she regularly sells on the floor of the store. Except for her evident capability she is not to be distinguished from any other employee in the place.

She might, and frequently does, sell trivial things which cost practically nothing; she is often treated disdainfully by haughty and supercilious people who are scarcely qualified to assume an attude of superiority, but she reacts pleasantly and gracefully; and she frequently buys merchandise costing tens of thousands of dollars with considerably less apprehension than she feels in showing a hopelessly stout woman a beautiful dress which was intended for a younger and much slenderer woman. She is, indeed, an unquestionable success.

However, all successes are not made because of eventual promotion to buyer, although most of them are. I found that buyers earn anything from $3,000 a year to $30,000; it seems to depend very largely upon the department of the store for which they buy. One store I visited had a woman buyer for nearly every department except furniture and those which were essentially masculine, such as men's cloth-

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ing, haberdashery, sporting goods and, as it happened, books and stationery.

In that same store the personnel director was a woman. So was the advertising manager, the manager of the restaurants—there were three—the resident buyer and the merchandise counselor. All of those women were highly paid executives. The preponderance of femininity was astonishing.

All of the stores have a number of plans or agencies designed to be of help to the employee. They frequently have some plan of group insurance and pay part of the premium. Endowment insurance plans which provide for the eventual return of the money deposited are common. Provision is made for the continuance of income in the event of sickness or injury. Many of the stores maintain a physician, frequently a woman, who treats employees at no cost. Sometimes a dentist is also available free of charge. All of them keep nurses on duty in an emergency hospital, usually in the store building.

Country clubs are sometimes established for the salesgirls, so they can be assured of pleasant and beneficial week ends without much expense. The several clubs I visited were apparently identical with other well-operated, similar institutions with tennis, golf, bathing and frequently riding available. Lunches were served on the verandas, rooms were rented at trivial cost and everything was done to dispel any impression of either patronage or surreptitious surveillance. The clubs were invariably well attended. The present-day shopgirls seem to be exactly the type of young woman who appreciates and can enjoy the advantages of country clubs. The general impression created by a porch crowded with them was no whit different from that of a group of women drawn from any other station in life—assuming that there is any wide divergence still possible in this standardized country of ours.

Vacations during the summer months are usually provided, with pay, for the older employees. Banks and savings funds are also maintained and every encouragement for thrift is given. The habit of saving is the thing stressed, not the amount put aside, yet I saw the savings account of one of these modern shopgirls which boasted a balance slightly in excess of $50,000! That is in all probability the highest amount on record. The woman has been a buyer of imported merchandise for more than ten years and has earned high salaries, much of which she saved. Interest accretions during the period have helped considerably—but it is nevertheless a remarkable achievement.

Efforts are made to install the employees in satisfactory living quarters. Social-service workers attached to the stores look for or create furnished rooms which they know are well within the means of their employees. Many of the young women—frequently for reasons other than economy—share small apartments. They are entirely desirable and as far removed from the dreary room on the third floor back of twenty years ago as they can be.

The department-store managers whom I saw, and there were many of them, unanimously favored either fairly young women with a college background as the most desirable employees or else women in the vicinity of thirty-five or so who have had a number of years of department-store experience. They believed that such women either possessed, or could easily acquire, the necessary personal attributes to become eminently successful.

Not only must a present-day salesgirl be intelligent and educated far beyond her less important prototype of some few years ago, but she must also be personable, energetic and tactful. Indeed, the inability of a salesgirl, no matter how capable she may be in other particulars, to get along pleasantly and without friction with her associates will act as a permanent bar to her advancement.

Changes in methods are usually the results of conferences, where everyone likely to be affected is invited to offer opinions. Really, in many cases, the opinions are of no particular importance; the conference is held largely to permit the people concerned to feel that they have had some small part in bringing about the improvement. A dictatorial department head, who orders changes abruptly and without discussion or without apparent consultation with her subordinates, is likely to be of relatively little value to the store. Fortunately few of them are like that, and those who are do not last long.

There is an ever-increasing number of splendid young women who are entering department stores as salesgirls, as the first step in a career which they intend to push through to success. Many of them have already done it.

Invocation to Vergil

Gently as in your time
Still falls on Umbrian hills the evening sunlight,
Before the gleaming bronze on fig and pear
Deepens to brown-purple;
And still at Paestum sighs into loveliness
The rose you cherished.

The western wanderer feels the selfsame thrill
That swept your heart, when snowy oxen
Trail over furrowed loam the loosened plow
At close of day.
Mopsus and Meliboeus, under other names,
Still watch their nonchalant flocks, and tune their reeds
To gentle airs—and in her wooden bowl
Another Phyllis carries from the orchard
The comb of dripping gold.

Return, O Master! Don the shepherd's coat,
And wander where you chiefly loved to roam.
Prune tree and vine, see Tityrus guide the goats
To grass and cool water. Come again
To watch the sea-line of the gilded bay,
Where, out of topaz mist, white wings and sails
Flash like a cry!

CHARLES BALLARD.

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SOME OLD OXFORD MAGAZINES

By HORACE WYNDHAM

SIXTY years ago, or so, ephemeral literature did not flourish at Oxford as it does today. Yet, the university was not altogether unfertile soil for such productions, and almost every college had at one time or another its own journalistic organ. Unfortunately, very few of these were destined to enjoy more than a most brief spell of existence. Their conductors were young and hot-blooded, and threw themselves heart and soul into their work. Nevertheless, the results but seldom justified their enterprise; and scarce a month elapsed, but marked, for one reason or another, the untimely decease of a periodical, which its promoters fondly hoped was to be the one university magazine that was to eclipse all others.

Conspicuous among such early efforts was Undergraduate Papers, the first number of which was published in December, 1857, at one shilling per copy. Chaucer's motto: "And gladly wolde he learn, and gladly teach," appears on the title page. Despite the official intimation that "number two (price 4d.) would be issued in the following January," it was not until two months later, and then at a cost of 1s.6d. that the second number did actually make its appearance. The contents—all of which were anonymous—were eminently solid. Thus, the mental pabulum of the preliminary issue comprised articles on Hereditary Influence on Character, and The Republic and Christianity, together with Modern Hellenism, and other entrancing subjects. The conductors, too, had high aspirations. Here is their editorial greeting:

> In issuing a series of Undergraduate Papers, we mean to be guided in our selection by one standard alone: that of literary excellence. Nothing, it is hoped, will appear in these numbers which will unworthily represent the average ability of the university. Of no school and no party, our aim is to supply a pleasant recreation for leisure hours. . . . Our papers will handle those subjects most likely to engage general interest. We propose to treat of poetry and politics in a free and catholic spirit. Short essays on questions of social philosophy will find place in our pages, along with sketches of a lighter nature, pieces of criticism and waifs of verse.

Despite this promising program, there was only one more issue. Perhaps the proposed combination of "poetry and politics" was too much for Oxford, or, possibly, the contemplated infliction of "waifs of verse" had something to do with it. In the realms of prose the criticism on The Early English Dramatists is the best feature of the contents of number one. Poetry is represented by a lyrical trifle, 118 verses in length, entitled Queen Yseult. The first canto only is here published. The second was, apparently, not on hand when number two went to press. At any rate, it is not included among the advertised table of contents. In its place, however, is a very trenchant review of a certain minor bardlet's works. It seems to be scarcely uncalled for, when the critic points out that the volume under examination bristles with such parallels as "a seraph's rainbow-cinctured pieties," and "the blue raptures of predominating larks."

Some little time elapsed before any sustained effort was made to provide Oxford with a magazine that should maintain a sufficiently high standard to render it acceptable to the university at large. In the autumn of 1861 the attempt was made, in the launching of Great Tom upon the stormy sea of Oxford ephemera. In outward appearance the newcomer was modest and unassuming, and the slim, green, paper-covered volume ran to but forty pages. The responsible editor appears to have had a somewhat catholic taste, for the range of subjects discussed in his pages is a remarkably wide one. Poets, however, seem to have been sternly discountenanced; at any rate, their effusions were kept within severely reasonable limits. In the issue for December is a paper that might very well have furnished inspiration for the recent utterances of a certain distinguished dramatic critic. The article bears the title The Stage: Its Interest and Morality. The sentiments of the writer are admirably expressed, and the liberal views that he takes of so burning a subject are scarcely what one would expect to find in a university journal of more than sixty years ago:

> Who can go away from the representation of some of Shakespeare's dramas a worse man? On the contrary, who is not better for his faithful portraiture of virtue and vice? The scenery may be that of the artist; the persons may be actors; but the words that he hears, and the deeds that he sees, are founded upon unchanging and eternal nature. . . . It is difficult to conceive how anyone, however rigid in his views, can found his objection to theatres upon a disapprobation of our best dramas. . . .
>
> The morality of actors is a very different thing. Theatres are not managed as they should and might be. Plays are represented which should never be seen upon "the boards," and the dreadful exhibition of the ballet continues. Such things must, to some extent, demoralize both audience and actors. But whose fault is it that these things are so? Assuredly the fault, mainly, of those who patronize them. The demand ever creates the supply. Managers of theatres have no inordinate liking for maudlin plays, or improper dancing, but they must earn a living, and this can only be done by pleasing their patrons. . . . These are the things that lower the character of the stage, and give cause to shallow opponents to condemn it altogether.

In the same year appeared the first number of Dark Blue. In the Introduction thereto the editors naively remark: "We ought not to be dispirited by recollecting that former Oxford magazines have not been successful, nor long-lived." Unfortunately, they too had ere long to mourn the untimely decease of their own journalistic offspring. Yet it enlisted the services of some very able contributors. The place of honor in the initial number is given to a political article on The Present Crisis. There is quite a prophetic ring about much of it. Thus remarks the author, in the year 1861:

> Russia is stretching her dominions toward the regions of Bokhara. Greece is awakening from the long sleep under which she has been bound. Italy is instinct with new life; and, drunk with the pride of present success, repudiates the Church with which she has been so long identified. Prussia, instead of Austria, concentrates in herself all German rights, and aims at still further aggrandizement.
>
> . . . Any moment may therefore see the commencement of a war which threatens to embrace the whole of Europe. Conscious of this, and in profound anxiety as to the future, the nations everywhere are adopting defensive measures.

A periodical that created some little stir made its bow in November of the following year. This was the Oxford Spectator. As with most of its predecessors, the annonymity of its staff was strictly conserved. The prattlings of this latter-time Addison were exceedingly amusing, and his shafts were even aimed at the most cherished traditions of the undergraduate heart. However, it was all conceived in a good-natured spirit. Early in his career, Spectator makes the not uncommon editorial discovery that the heart of man is vain, and has to bewail the fact that "the undergraduate is an animal

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fond of seeing himself in print." In the following sorrowful plaint he bitterly laments the inconsequent striving after rewards for prowess displayed in the arena:

> It is useless to ignore the fact; the spirit of the stadium is dominant among us. Is not the window of the leading silversmith choked with a collection of splendid cups, all destined to be the incentives to new efforts in this direction? Is there not a growing impression, though perhaps, as yet, unexpressed, that this muscle worship is occupying too much of our attenton?

As might be expected, in writing in this strain the journal wrote its own epitaph.

The next candidate for public favor was the Oxford University Magazine and Review. Alas, this also was not destined to last for any great length of time, and at a very early stage in its career the fatal intimation "to be discontinued" is sorrowfully announced. This was certainly a pity, for the tone of this new journal was distinctly in advance of those that preceded it.

A break of five years now seems to have occurred in the flood of university magazines, and it was not until 1874 that another competitor made a bid for popular favor. The newcomer bore the title of the Shotover Papers, and its contents, although generally amusing, nevertheless bore too clearly the trade mark of amateurishness to gain for them any measure of lasting success. An early paper on Words and Their Derivations has these rather happy renderings:

> The High A street in Oxford, so called because the rent of the rooms, and the price of commodities there, is excessive.
>
> Visitor: From viz., namely, and eater, a feeder; i. e., one who only appears at college feeds.

So recondite a theme as mathematics failed to present any difficulties to the staff bard. In the verses entitled Nugae Mathematicae, he is inspired to sing:

> A tutor, some ladies to vex,
> Said a circle would osculate x;
> But they cried "How improper!
> You really should stop her,
> She's quite a disgrace to her sex!"

Among others who came under the ban of editorial disfavor was the girl of the period. Concerning her occur these severely critical comments in an article aptly entitled, The Transit of Venus:

> . . . a tendency to loudness in dress, the members of this class have an élan which does them great service, especially in procuring male votes, but they also lack education, and their refinement is questionable.

Nowadays, the outraged maidens of Girton would doubtless arise in their wrath and inflict summary vengeance on any university journalist bold enough to thus impugn their "education and refinement."

The following epigram on Dr. Jowett, Master of Balliol, excited considerable controversy at the time. Its authorship was attributed to a lately deceased bishop:

> Benjamin J—— endeavored to say
> He believed in the Bible and Tyndall,
> For both do agree how mighty may be
> The flame a small matter may kindle!

There is also a clever paper on the works of Bishop Colenso. The sentence "I owed £3,746.17s.3d. for whiskey," extracted from the author's well-known "miscellaneous examples," is made the peg upon which is hung an amusingly written discourse. His critic asks:

> Why did Colenso accept the bishopric of Natal? . . . Behold the answer in his own words: "If by selling fine high cloth at 5s. per yard I gain 8 percent, what will be my rate of profit if I see it at 8s.4d. per ell?" Colenso was not long uncertain. He taught, indeed, morality to the natives—he showed them that nakedness was a crime —he clothed them—and he took them in.

The pages of Ye Rounde Table, first issued just forty-four years ago, contain particulars of an interesting competition in which readers were invited to participate. The task set them was to solve certain problems, typical of those engendered by university life. One example was as follows:

> "A," an undergraduate member of the University of Oxford, unprovided with academicals, is accosted by "B," a proctor, who requests him to call at his rooms on the following morning. "A" has never been introduced. What course must he pursue?

An Oxford magazine, capable of asking such delicate questions of etiquette, was, in the year of grace 1878, evidently in advance of its period. Ribald attempts to poke fun at the majesty of the proctors was an unpardonable sin, and Ye Rounde Table was very soon withdrawn from circulation.

SAINT FRANCIS AND OTHERS

By JOHN APPLETON

THERE lingers and increases with me one phrase out of Franciscan literature, which was used by Francis's earliest and most faithful friend, Brother Leo. When long afterward Leo came to write up his remembrances of Francis, there ran through his records as a recurrent refrain with which he began chapter after chapter: "When the blessed Francis began to have brethren."

Nobody felt more keenly than Leo the terrific loneliness to which his little brown master had exposed himself, and nobody wished more earnestly than Leo that some day Francis might have just what he deserved, friends. There is that about Leo which makes you feel that he would have clung to Francis just the same whether he ever had them or not, but none the less Leo watched like a lynx for every sign that his master and his mission were coming to be taken at their worth. If need be, he and Francis could consecrate their loneliness, which was very desperate for a time, but they were no isolationists, these two, and Leo savors to the end of life the hour when things began to amend and the brethren began to attach themselves.

There was something of the same spirit in Saint John who, without saying anything about it definitely, was nevertheless always musing about who would be the next to throw himself on the side of *his* Master. John was always unobtrusively on the watch as one slow heart after another finally gave way, and took a deep, deep rest every time it happened. In the greyest personal sky where others hardly saw a sign of promise, he watched for some "orange streaks" and generally found them.

We all have our favorite tests of character, but just now we might dwell a little on this good, sane test of Brother Leo as to whether our characters are the kind to produce brethren. There is plenty of attention given to producing popularity and a man hardly ever knows a happy hour after he begins to dwell greatly on that, but this is another matter, quite.

For some live to find that they have fewer and fewer brethren, and though they may regret it, they feel that "such is life," and that it is bound to happen and nothing can be done

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about it. Many who are not wanting in personal dignity find to their sorrow that they are getting more and more apart from their fellow-men. But even this may be quite changed if only one does not interpret it as a mark of superiority. The grouch is a familiar figure in every circle. Do not be too hard on him. In many cases you can trace back to the time when he was a sunny, hopeful, friendly being, having brethren, cheerful under obligations and nourished by service. Then at some stage or other his personal sky became overcast, the temper changed, the relations with his fellows were strained, and bitterness and aloofness grew apace. Suspicion touched a really noble spirit. The brethren whom Francis began to have had been soured by class and poverty and overlordship and military forays. And all this "turned," as Paul put it, through Francis's prayers and the supply of the spirit of Jesus Christ.

Brother Leo put his finger on a very vital matter. He not only wanted Francis to have brethren, but he wanted him to have them in the most honest way. Some men have fewer brethren as the years go by because of temper. Others have fewer because of the very thing they hoped would put them in richer relations with men, namely, culture, as indeed it ought and might. But somewhere culture went wrong, and thereafter it made people more and more excruciating to them, with all their coarseness, their mediocrities, their stupidities, their cheapnesses, and it became their daily prayer that they might get away out of reach of these things.

Sometimes a man begins *not* to have brethren because he is what Joseph Conrad called "the offended theorist," or in other words he is one who has hit upon what seems to him the very best philosophy of a matter or a situation or religion and, finding that people will not take it that way, he will not take them until they do. All kinds of lives are full of that.

I think, too, that Leo rejoiced because he found that Francis turned more and more toward his fellow-men the more costly and exasperating they became. Perhaps Leo was afraid that his master's first great gust of good-will might not last out the long, long day. It is said that scholars by dint of much patient prying into historical sources are able dimly to descry the faint outlines of some sixty-four men who offered themselves as Messiahs before Christ. But they quickly faded away. The strain was too much. Francis kept examining his own heart until he found no reason in it why men should not be his brethren.

But brotherhood is a tough rather than a sentimental matter, and you cannot go at it with a bang. Francis took it in good part that the matter was a slow one. Be a little gentle with yourself if it goes slowly with you. There are nightmares of self-absorption to be shaken off, and self-absorption rather than hate is the opposite of love. Be content as Francis was to "*begin* to have brethren"—most beginnings are rather painful and disappointing. Brother Leo did not mind the slowness of it so long as it was surely coming. If a man would have friends he must show himself friendly, and to do that he must conquer suspiciousness in himself. A new attitude toward rebuffs must have a part in brotherhood as Browning discovered:

> "Then welcome each rebuff
> That turns earth's smoothness rough."

The strange aloofness and moroseness, the bitterness and separateness which have been slowly growing with you may also slowly depart. You may achieve just what you had almost ceased to hope for, an increasing joy in personal life. And as good a germ to start it with as any might be the favorite phrase which good Brother Leo kept rolling as a sweet morsel under his tongue: "When the blessed Francis *began* to have brethren."

COMMUNICATIONS

MESSRS. HOOPER AND WINCHELL

New York, N. Y.

TO the Editor:—Your copy of The Commonweal, marked, to hand. Thanks. The article concerning me is most interesting. Mr. Marlen Pew of Editor and Publisher misquoted Variety from which he got some of the information about the new salary. It is not $121,000, sir.

It is at the moment $138,900. In a week with two new weekly radio contracts at $1,000 each, it will be a lot more. I am not writing for posterity or to help humanity as does your very able Mr. Hooper. I am writing for coin, sir, and as much as I can get.

I am the highest paid columnist, incidentally. Mr. McIntyre's weekly return is $1,250 weekly. My New York paper pays $1,000 for my services. The syndication pays half as much more, the revenue from radio, magazines and movies of course tilts it a trifle.

Mr. Coolidge, Mr. Brisbane and Mr. Rogers do not term themselves columnists. Mr. Brisbane has so stated, you know. He is a commentator and editorial writer, he told Vanity Fair. He does not want to be called a columnist, he added. Rogers is in a class by himself. Please do not disgrace him by calling him a columnist. Coolidge is not a columnist.

A columnist is one who is a journalist in charge of a special column on a daily newspaper, according to Funk and Wagnalls's new dicksh. Column is defined in this wise: "In printed matter, one of two or more *vertical* series of lines, separated by a rule or blank space; any series written or printed in *vertical* order."

You see? Good wishes, at any rate—

WINCHELL.

P. S. Oh yes. Do you lads sink so low as to take wages for working for The Commonweal?

If not—how do you pay your bills? Teehee.

SUBSTANCE AND ACCIDENTS

St. Louis, Mo.

TO the Editor:—The undersigned has no intention of entering into a controversy with Neo-Scholasticus of Brooklyn concerning the scholastic theory of substance and accidents. But at least the record ought to be kept straight by clearing it of misstatements in the very posing of the question itself.

Neo-Scholasticus in his communication appearing in your issue of September 17 says: "Substance is confessedly immaterial, according to Aristotelians." No doubt according to most Catholic Aristotelians the angels are immaterial substances, but according to all "scholastic" Aristotelians pebbles, potatoes, pigs and all other corporeal substances are material substances, not on account of their physical composition of substance and accidents but on account of their metaphysical composition of matter and form. For all Scholastics who know their Scholastic onions, "forms" are no doubt concrete, dynamic ideas and "matter" is an essentially unknowable X which cannot even exist except when "informed" by some such "idea."

Perhaps the confusion in the mind of Neo-Scholasticus arises from the fact that as Saint Thomas says, "Substance is the object neither of the senses nor of the imagination, but of pure thought"; which, so far as the Scholastics are concerned, does not in the least preclude it from being material.

The undersigned has not the slightest intention of advocating or defending these metaphysical theories in the pages of The

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Commonweal, though he holds them, but he cannot forbear to insist that with their truth or falsity modern empirical physics has nothing to do. Modern empirical physics is interested only, so far as theories are concerned, in working hypotheses which will intrigue the men of science to plunge more and more deeply into the stream of sensible experience in order to control that experience more and more successfully.

As Saint Thomas says somewhere, mathematics has nothing to do with causes. Physical science of the modern type is at the bottom simply applied mathematics and is interested in the invariable antecedents of events rather than in their truly efficient causes. The object of modern empirical science is simply to ascertain the uniformities of coexistence and sequence which obtain among events and to state these uniformities as far as possible quantitatively.

The Scholastic theories of substance and accident and of form and prime matter live, move and have their being upon an utterly different plane; upon a plane where the mind concerns itself with ultimate problems of causality upon which sensible experience can by its very nature throw no light.

The modern physicist, who as Neo-Scholasticus says "is at the same time conversant with the philosophical disciplines," is under a strong temptation to confuse the *genres*. The rest of mankind ought to examine his theories with uncommon suspiciousness. A talent for empirical physical research (of a more than merely classificatory and descriptive scope) can hardly coexist in the same man with a talent for metaphysical reasoning. Think of poor Aristotle!

REV. RUSSELL WILBUR.

GERARD MANLEY HOPKINS

Wauwatosa, Wis.

TO the Editor:—In the article on Gerard Manley Hopkins by Molly M. Burke in The Commonweal of September 10, there are two minor errors in the matter of dates. Hopkins was born on June 11, 1884, and not on July 28 of that year. At the age of eighteen, in 1862, not in 1863, Hopkins went up to Oxford. These are unimportant corrections of course, but they serve as opening wedges.

When Hopkins died forty-one years ago, his passing meant little to anyone except his immediate circle of friends. He died as he had lived, faithful to his vows and obedient to the wishes of the superiors in his order. Today what memories of him still exist are eagerly sought after, for it has been discovered that he was the man who blazed the trail for all the modernists in contemporary poetry. Mention any of the present-day poets, even the most ultra-modern of them, and it will be discovered that theirs is a debt unconscious, perhaps, to Hopkins.

Just previous to the conversion of Hopkins to the Catholic Church in 1866, he wrote, at the request of his parents, to Dr. Pusey and requested an interview. The reply received showed the Doctor to be touchy and irritated:

> My dear Sir:—I thank you for the personal kindness of your letter. It would not be accurate to say that "I refused to see you." What I declined doing was to see you simply to "satisfy relations." I know too well what that means. It is simply to enable a pervert to say to his relations "I have seen Dr. Pusey, and he has failed to satisfy me." Whereas they know very well that they meant not to be satisfied, that they came with a fixed purpose not to be satisfied. This is merely to waste time and create the impression that I have nothing to say. It has, when done, been a great abuse of the love which I have for all, especially the young.
>
> I don't answer what you say in your note, because it would be still more useless. You have a heavy responsibility. Those who will gain by what you seem determined to do will be the unbelievers.

In 1875, after many years, Hopkins started in again writing. Later he explained how this came about: "I had long haunting my ear the echo of a new rhythm which now I realized on paper. . . . I do not say the idea is altogether new. . . . but no one has professedly used it and made it a principle throughout, that I know of." It is this "new rhythm" says one of his present-day critics, which made Hopkins a great poet, in spite of the meagre quantity of his writing.

He kept up the friendship with Bridges and to Bridges was sent manuscript copies of many of his verses. To Bridges also, somewhat in a hopeless tone, he talked of some day publishing what he had written. He even prepared an "author's preface" to the proposed volume. He was of the opinion that the texture of the established eighteenth-century metre was at fault and he felt there was need of an elastic means for allowing sound to reinforce and interpret sense in poetry. Modern poets must feel their indebtedness, consciously or unconsciously, for the rationality and freedom which a Jesuit priest, working in the national university at Dublin, contributed to modern verse and which permitted him to compose a poem so modern and timeless as the one entitled, Pied Beauty.

EUGENE A. MORAN.

NEO-PAGANISM

Montreal, Que.

TO the Editor:—In many reasoned differences of opinion, publicly or privately discussed, the last resort of the party whose position has been rendered untenable is the "argumentum ad hominem." Such a mode of argumentation is often adopted in political controversy; it is usually excluded from social or philosophical or religious discussion.

For some time past the learned Mr. Donald Powell has been defending modern pagans and paganisms from the force of Mr. Harvey Wickham's impressively logical conclusions. In The Commonweal of September 3 Mr. Powell deserts the pagans to their fate and strategically assumes the offensive against Mr. Wickham. Mr. Harry McGuire, writing in the same issue, advances a similar point. Both gentlemen seem to despair of finding an inconsistency in Mr. Wickham's philosophy and seek to find one in his practice. This is an obvious "argumentum ad hominem." It is also a begging of the question.

The gentlemen unite in suggesting that Mr. Wickham is a Catholic non-Catholic. Why? Because Mr. Wickham's philosophy coincides with Catholic philosophy. In other words, the distinction between philosophy on the one hand and dogmatic theology on the other is, they imply, non-existent. They seem to think that reason, common sense, call it what you will, is the exclusive property of the Catholic Church and its adherents. They seem surprised that it is not. "Qui bene distinguit, bene philosophiat." I would recommend that both Mr. Powell and Mr. McGuire hire a man to do for them such philosophizing as they may require. One of the many elementary texts of Scholastic philosophy is readily obtainable and should prove a great aid.

Mr. McGuire finds it "gratifying to see a Catholic like Mr. Powell defending some aspects of paganism." Mr. McGuire may be gratified; the rest of us are not especially edified. The defense of any aspect of paganism impresses me as a little more than a work of supererogation.

A. C. CORCORAN.

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EVANGELINE AND GABRIEL

TO the Editor:—Perhaps those interested in Longfellow might find valuable data in the public library of Halifax, N. S. Some years ago, having occasion to visit Grand Pré, in writing a story about it in the Chicago Tribune, I hurriedly visited that library with a distinguished admirer of that poet.

Remarking to my host upon Longfellow having so perfectly given the world the "atmosphere" of his chosen region—

> "the tented sea-fog on the Gasperian hills—the
> sky above the meadow
> where blossomed the lovely stars—the
> forget-me-nots of the angels"—

he surprised me by singing, "Longfellow never saw Acadia." "Moreover," added my friend, "if you had time I would show you the correspondence between Haliburton and the poet which induced Longfellow to write Evangeline!" In the letters in question it seems Haliburton having reproached his friend for "idleness," the poet replied he had no material on hand to inspire his pen at the moment whereupon Haliburton called his attention to the tragedy of the dispersion of the Acadians, which resulted in the poem we know as "Evangeline." If my memory serves me ill after the lapse of several years, a visit to the old library in Halifax would prove or disprove the verity of my friend's assertion.

Longfellow was fond of idealizations. We owe him also the spirited romance of the Huguenot Paul Revere and his dashing midnight ride. As Mr. Richard Dana has intimated, the famous Paul was involved in very unpatriotic and questionable dealings with the government about the keeping of his steed and various other details about the ride which are to be found in the chronicles of those brave days in the city of Boston today.

"Truth is stranger than fiction," and it may be of questionable service to turn its searchlight upon popular heroes of the past. However, "strange" as it may be to many minds, to others its appeal will ever be stronger than that of "fiction."

ISABEL INEZ GARRISON.

THE JESUIT MARTYRS

Wilcox, Sask.

TO the Editor:—"It may be that the Jesuits . . . seriously overestimated the virtues and possibilities of the Indians," observes The Commonweal of July 9. Unfair! And untrue! Any concept of the Jesuit effort in primeval America that ignores the intimate understanding of the red man unfolded in The Jesuit Relations just hasn't any raison d'être.

Henry Ward Beecher used to urge: "Read Francis Parkman. Read how Parkman's missionaries labored for nearly forty years midst the forests of Huronia with scarce a single convert. Human history has no parellel to this story of indomitable spirit and of endurance for a cause."

Champlain, who brought the Jesuits to America, defined that "cause" when he declared "the saving of a human soul of more importance than the conquest of an empire." Only in that sense can the work of the Jesuits and the Oblates and the Grey Nuns among the Indians, yesterday and today, be measured or understood. The men and women who day after day, month after month, year after year, are sacrificing their lives midst the squalor and pungent atmosphere of the reserves and the igloos make no romantic estimate of the undertaking. Neither did Brébeuf and his indomitable companions.

ATHOL MURRAY.

THE PLAY AND SCREEN

By RICHARD DANA SKINNER

Fine and Dandy

IT IS never so easy to discover "what is wrong with the theatre" as when you strike an example of what is at least 90 percent right with the theatre. In many years of theatre going, during which poor plays and stupid plays have far outnumbered good ones, and during which, especially, inane and routine musical comedies have vastly outnumbered even the reasonably entertaining ones, I cannot recall a production with more vivacity, pleasant nonsense, clean fun and lightly tripping music than Fine and Dandy. Two-thirds of it is a vehicle for Joe Cook—probably the most versatile entertainer on the stage—and the rest is an outlet for the irrepressible Donald Ogden Stewart, who wrote the book and, in so doing, showed what wonders can happen when real intelligence and wit are applied to the business of being plausibly silly.

Let me make it clear that intelligence and a delicious sense of the unexpected and incongruous have been applied to every part of this undertaking. The wholly unusual settings, including the mechanical background of a drop forging plant, have been designed by Henry Dreyfus. The male chorus is supplemented by a few men of age and portly build who contribute unexpectedly to the comedy and vastly relieve what is usually the strain of watching "gentlemen of the ensemble." The ladies of that same aggregation are pleasing and individual and greatly assisted by an excellent group of Abbott dancers, who can tap dance on their toes with inexhaustible ease. An excellent mechanical ballet is engineered by Eugene Von Grona, and Charles Le Maire's costumes very happily combine brilliancy and grace.

The principals, too, are as well and carefully chosen as if the producers knew nothing of Joe Cook's single-handed prowess. The tiny and fragile Nell O'Day—recalled, perhaps, for her part in Paul Whiteman's screen review, King of Jazz—makes an eminently successful stage début, including a startlingly brilliant bit of "throw around" dancing with the Tommy Atkins Sextet. Miss O'Day has an adequate voice, a demure manner and surprising agility as a dancer. Eleanor Powell, who frequently "stops the show," has certain qualities in addition to looks and sprightliness which remind one, for no traceable reason, of Gertrude Lawrence. They are not the least alike in feature nor in type of work. The resemblance comes through ability to project a personality without the least obvious effort. Joe Wagstaff has a bit of the same quality as a juvenile, and John Ehrle's voice more than makes up for the thankless part assigned to him. Besides this group of major entertainers, there are innumerable character bits, such as the old man who eats his sandwich, injected for no reason whatsoever, and for that very reason absurdly funny.

The trouble with most musical comedies (as one recognizes after seeing Fine and Dandy) lies in the seriousness of routine approach. One gathers that the book writers take themselves very seriously—attempting to combine the routine plot, with its sobbing first-act curtain, and comedy relief in the form of one or two professional comedians. Donald Ogden Stewart is incapable of taking himself or his work that seriously. You begin to suspect quite illogical nonsense from the first two minutes on, and that is exactly what you get. The same quiet unconcern about probabilities pervades Mr. Stewart's libretto that you find in any Gilbert and Sullivan work. You are not asked to share any illusions of love or sorrow with the heroine. The

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whole affair is carried off with that high exaggeration and solemn absurdity which is only amusing when it is intended.

Fortunately the producing combination—Morris Green and Lewis E. Gensler—enter into this spirit in every supporting detail, and Joe Cook's many improvisations are all in the same mood. It is thus a happy combination of viewpoints and abilities that brings this jamboree of nonsense to surprising importance as a standard of sheer entertainment. Wit and satire join hands with slapstick with exhilarating results. It must also be a surprise to the smut-mongers of Broadway that a show of this sort can win its way to instant and widely heralded success without resort either to nude displays or to filthy jokes and implications. Fine and Dandy verges only once—and that in a brief "before the curtain" interlude—on this trite ground. By and large, it is probably the cleanest show of its kind in recent years.

The program states "many nonsensical moments created by Joe Cook." The truth is that Mr. Cook is a perpetual nonsensical moment. Whether as juggler, acrobat, dancer or grinning comedian, he is the nearest approach we have to a one-man show. Yet, as I say, Fine and Dandy manages easily to be more than a Joe Cook vehicle. It has just enough of everything never to grow tiresome or lopsided. It is all for one and one for all. (At Erlanger's Theatre.)

Young Woodley

THE chief interest in this screen version of John Van Druten's much discussed play of three seasons back lies in the fact that it is an entirely British-produced film—one of a series to be presented by the Elstree Productions of London at the George M. Cohan Theatre. It thus affords, with its successors to come, a means of comparing the technique of British with Hollywood producers.

As to the matter of the play itself, everything depends on your reading of the final turn given to this problem of adolescent love. It is hardly pleasant to watch the sufferings of Woodley—a senior of eighteen at an English public school—as a result of his poetic infatuation for the young wife of his pompous headmaster. But I have always felt that in contrast to the way Ibsen would handle a similar situation, or to the way Shaw does handle a similar problem in Candida, Van Druten has clearly pointed the result of facing an issue bravely and with a clear sense of duties and responsibilities. There is a moment when the schoolmaster's wife, Laura Simmons, nearly wrecks Woodley's life through trying to correct her mistake in the wrong way. She tries to make him think she has merely been flirting with him, and that he must forget her entirely. Later, she tells him the truth—that she loves him, but that her duty is with her husband, and that Woodley's task, henceforth, is to make a man of himself and to build his future on the lesson of their mistake. Woodley's brave acceptance of this task turns him at the end of the play, and very obviously, on the path to manhood. One may dislike the whole subject-matter, but the author's viewpoint is constructive. Moreover, the attachment between Woodley and Laura Simmons is never permitted to go beyond one moment of revelation over an English tea-table. Much of the criticism aroused by the play paid too much attention to the problem and far too little to the author's brave and clear-minded solution.

The best part of the British film is its adherence to simple and homely details of setting and costuming. The rooms and the clothes of all concerned have the well-worn and sedately shabby appearance which gives authentic atmosphere. The acting is equally simple. But the photography and the direction are distinctly inferior. The lighting is flat and uninteresting, and many of the pictures are taken at angles which produce unhappy foreshortening—as in one scene in which Laura Simmons appears on a scale nearly a third larger than Woodley, who is seated behind and to one side of her. The switching of close-ups is also awkwardly managed, and frequently results in breaking the feeling of continuous action. It is unfortunate that the quiet good taste of the British producers and actors cannot be combined with the far greater technical excellence in photography and lighting of the Hollywood masters. The union would effect a very real advance in the new medium of the talking screen. (At the George M. Cohan Theatre.)

Once in a Lifetime

OFFERED up to the gods of laughter on the stage of the Music Box, this play has already proved itself welcome in their eyes. The authors, Moss Hart and George S. Kaufman, have prepared a delicious tribute, and the high-priest, Sam Harris, has spared nothing, not even ermine coats, in the splendor (albeit of the garish variety native to Hollywood) of its presentation.

Mr. Harris has dubbed the play a "new comedy," although he knows, as well as the audiences packing his theatre, and should know a lot better, that it is sheer farce. That rapid tempo, so admirably sustained throughout those kaleidescopic and innumerable scenes—even the half-dozen doors in the studio set, kept in perpetual motion during all the second act (vive la France, if for no other reason than discovering the importance of active doors to farce!) belong only to farce—to say nothing of the lines, many of which are slapstick and almost Rabelaisian in character. Satire, it is true, abounds, but it is laid on with a heavy hand, and is hung rather on the tricks of direction, costuming and staging, than on any inherent subtlety in the lines. The movie queen's inelegant voice is only funny because she wears such elegant clothing, and because her retinue is so elegantly liveried.

It would be ungracious, however, to quarrel with Mr. Harris over the niceties of definition when he has given us such a thoroughly refreshing production. Here are personalities not unfamiliar to the drama we have known in recent years. The stranded vaudeville trio of fairly standard type—one of whom, painted perhaps with brush a trifle too broad, is the good-natured "sap" dear to all audiences. The more brainlessly he behaves, the more radiantly fortune smiles upon him. Those who require something more solid than the excellent farcical qualities offered in this play will also find in it a love story, to which the acting of Jean Dixon brings the same depth and seriousness that characterized her performance in June Moon. But this is in all half-light, made subsidiary to the flashes of an uproarious farce whooping its way successfully through three acts and seven scenes.

The gifted Mr. Kaufman, not content merely to collaborate in the writing of Once in a Lifetime, and to stage it, manages to act in it as well. His impersonation of the weary playwright, driven to nervous prostration through months of waiting on the imperial wishes of the czar of Hollywood, is whimsically delightful.

The movies are delicious satirical meat, which the authors have served up most humorously—even if the meal drags a bit at the end. Broadway now has its happy chance to even up an old score with its ancient enemy, the cinema, and to prod it nicely. In Once in a Lifetime the laugh is on the movies. (At the Music Box Theatre.)

H. W. H.

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BOOKS

For the Youngsters

WHETHER or not children read much nowadays—a question which, one hopes, may be decided in the affirmative—they do have the real advantage of being able to look at pictures. Their elders have come out for books without drawings, as more in keeping with their highly developed intellects. Illustrators have therefore taken revenge by sketching industriously for young folk, and it is probably to their advantage. Here at least are fairies and gallant warriors who may be put through all sorts of traces. And it seems to me that the pictures have all the better of the argument with the text this year.

If we were giving a prize for the best young people's book of the season, our vote would go to The Country of Six Thousand Wishes, by André Maurois (New York: D. Appleton and Company. $2.50). Little Michele lies down to sleep and arrives at a country where amazing and yet wholly delightful things happen. Almost any child would like the fairy queen's palace, the raven and lots of other things in this book. The pictures, too, are just right. And while we are on the subject of M. Maurois, we may as well state that not a few authors hitherto famed for their appeal to grown-ups now appear with bids for juvenile applause. Salvador de Madariaga's Sir Bob is an amusing fantasy which is doubtless better suited for older persons who want to play at being children than for children themselves. In a measure it is reminiscent of Alice, though the nonsense rhymes inserted on almost every other page suggest Lord Alfred Douglas. The book by no means attains the excellence of these models but is entertaining (New York: Harcourt, Brace and Company. $2.50). One of the best animal stories since Kipling is Ferdinand Ossendowski's The Life Story of a Little Monkey (New York: E. P. Dutton and Company, Incorporated. $2.50). Kate, the chimpanzee who grows up with her family in the wildwood, is then captured and introduced to human beings and finally inducted into circus life, is a character almost any child will enjoy—provided its parents believe in humanized animals. The pictures are sensible, if not more. No less distinguished a person than Elizabeth Morrow wrote The Painted Pig to please Count René d'Harnoncourt, a resident of Mexico City who has a collection of native toys and loves to draw pictures. Mrs. Morrow's text is a fantasy which serves to accompany the bizarre but suggestive illustrations (New York: Alfred A. Knopf, Incorporated. $2.00).

Translations or reprints of older favorites abound. Margaret Bloom has translated George Sand's Tales of a Grandmother (Philadelphia: J. B. Lippincott Company. $2.50). These old romantic stories are possibly a little lengthy for the present hurried generation, but they are good anyway. We recommend you try The Giant Yèous. Mr. Hess's pictures are among the most attractive of the season. Golden Feather is the collection of stories by a well-known Italian favorite, Capuana. They are bright with good humor and fantasy. The book, while unpretentious, is most readable (New York: E. P. Dutton and Company, Incorporated. $2.50). Among the finest of the old favorites is Madame de Ségur's Sophia. This bad little girl has appeared in many translations and editions. We are happy—happier indeed than we can say—to meet her again in the present attractive little book for which Miss Barney has drawn some amusing vignettes (New York: Alfred A. Knopf, Incorporated. $1.75). It was a good idea to collect some of the more gruesome of Washington Irving's stories under the title, The Bold Dragoon and Other Ghostly Tales. They have been put together by Anne Carroll Moore; and the drawings by James Daugherty have this artist's usual dash, bravado and amusing chaos. Miss Moore is right. Washington Irving deserves a better fate than the classroom (Alfred A. Knopf, Incorporated. $3.50). Possibly The Tale of the Warrior Lord (New York: Longmans, Green and Company. $2.50) is most appropriate for outside reading by school children. It exacts too much to be exclusively a source of pleasure. Nevertheless Merriam Sherwood offers an attractive version of the old story of the Cid. The artist has done his best to supply a fit accompaniment.

Something like a recrudescence of the fairy tale is likewise noticeable. Magyar Fairy Tales, as selected by Nandor Pogany and illustrated by Willy Pogany, is perhaps the most attractive book of this kind offered. Of course, the stories frequently are little more than new versions of old tales, but the novelty is none the less distinctive and appetizing. Needless to say, the illustrations are by a practised man although this time there is neither Pogany blue nor any other color (New York: E. P. Dutton and Company, Incorporated. $3.00). The land of Grimm and Hauff has been drawn upon for new stories which Frieda Bachmann has translated from the German of Norbert Lebermann. In consonance with our generation, the narratives involve such matters as electricity and the steam engine. Sometimes, as in The Smoker, allegorical implications are not missing. The drawings by Margaret Freeman have a fantastic flair of their own—a touch of modernism which may prove appealing (New York: Alfred A. Knopf, Incorporated. $2.00). Fairy Tales of Modern Greece, by two writers who should be able to find authentic material, is accompanied by drawings in costume by Henriette Reiss (New York: E. P. Dutton and Company, Incorporated. $2.50). The introduction almost makes one believe that the book was intended for adults and we are really of the opinion that it would appeal especially to them. We suggest as a sample a story entitled, The Fairies' Theft. Marion Bullard's The Enchanted Button is a fantasy with a romantic setting in which many extraordinary things occur. The chief character is a beautiful princess with a terrible temper. The book demands either a considerable measure of sophistication or an entire absence of it (New York: E. P. Dutton and Company, Incorporated. $2.00). Modernity presents itself for the benefit of the young in Sparky-For-Short by Martha Bensley Bruère. It is an interesting and charmingly made book between the lines of which a fairly good supply of scientific information appears (New York: Coward-McCann, Incorporated. $2.00). The Book of the Three Dragons, by Kenneth Morris, is an exceptionally well written one involving a Welsh setting and (we believe) a considerable amount of Welsh folklore. If the names do not prove baffling, the book should be a favorite with many boys. Mr. Horvath's pictures are occasionally almost frightening but then these are tales of wild beasts and strange birds (New York: Longmans, Green and Company. $5.00). Alice in Wonderland again occurs to mind in connection with Tomorrow's House, by George O'Neil (New York: E. P. Dutton and Company, Incorporated. $2.50). Even so, the story is intriguing with its neat suggestions of childish imagination and its outlines of fairy scenes.

Books for boys include a good many romantic titles. Stephen the Valiant, by Juliska Daru and Charlotte Lederer (New York: E. P. Dutton and Company, Incorporated. $2.50) is the story of Stephen, prince of Belgravia, who had consider-

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able difficulty retaining his right to the throne. But after having been obliged to flee from a burning palace and given the pleasure of roaming around at liberty, he comes back to his faithful people a successful Hamlet if ever there was one. It is a breezy tale. Robert the Roundhead, by Clarence Stratton, is an English story which dips into Stuart history. Though the narrative moves a little slowly, it is ornamented with an attractive dash of mystery and no little adventure. The finale is exciting (New York: Oxford University Press. $2.50). Rupert Sargent Holland has built a colorful, if somewhat conventional story, The Dauntless Company, round the theme of the children's crusade. It is the kind of book adventure-loving boys can read in a day or two. (New York: The Century Company. $1.75). Rama, by Dhan Gopal Mukerji, is an English version of Valmiki's Ramayana (New York: E. P. Dutton and Company, Incorporated. $2.50). This old story has much of the narrative charm of the Homeric epics with an addition of oriental fantasy and grotesque setting. The illustrations by Edgar Parin D'Aulaire are striking. More decidedly adventursome and swift of movement is East South East, by Frank Morely, which was first published a year ago (New York: Harcourt, Brace and Company. $2.50). It purports to be the narrative of Hamilton Farr who ran away from his Baltimore parents in the year 1806 and sailed to England on a good ship. Thereafter he hunted whales, looked for buried treasure and did all sorts of things. The writing is unusually good and the illustrative woodcuts by S. Glanckoff are appealing. Most boys will like Red Horse Hill, by Stephen W. Meader, which is a narrative of an orphan who had a lot to do with horses. The narrative has plenty of adventure and in addition a great deal of homely charm (New York: Harcourt, Brace and Company. $2.50). Siam is the theme of Chang of the Siamese Jungle, by Elizabeth Morse (New York: E. P. Dutton and Company, Incorporated. $2.00). If the scenery is everything the author says it is, the hero must have had a terrible time getting about. Nevertheless, he manages nicely, familiarizing himself with elephants and other fellow-citizens in a manner any little boy will appreciate.

From Siam to the great American Northwest is a long way. But Luck (of Red Man's Luck) has an exciting time of it nevertheless. Constance Lindsay Skinner's well-known ability to treat of Indians with more than relative understanding has again been justified (New York: Coward-McCann, Incorporated. $2.00). Rodney Newton, by Alan Drady, is a little old by this time but we are unable to pass by so good a book (New York: J. P. Kenedy and Sons. $1.50). It is one of the most vividly written Catholic juveniles of recent years. And though the scene is once more the prep school and the hero something of a Percy Wynne à rebours, the book is charming. Mic Mac on the Track, by Zillah K. Macdonald, is a fantasy built round a locomotive (New York: D. Appleton and Company. $1.50). According to the author Mic Mac has seen a great deal. You will very probably agree. The Secret Cave, by Florence McClurg Everson and Howard Everson, is an endeavor to write a mystery story for children. But after all the trouble is mostly about a secret cave in which there are footprints of naked feet in places where little boys may get lost. In the end it is discovered that the footprints are made by a human being, very old indeed (New York: E. P. Dutton and Company, Incorporated. $2.00). Builders of the nation are treated to short biographical sketches in Giants of the Old West, by Frederick R. Bechdolt (New York: The Century Company. $2.00). The characters included are such men as John Colter, William Becknell and Alexander Majors. The volume has the virtues of good, vivid historical writing. Quite different in character is The Children's Book of Religious Pictures, by Lorinda Munson Bryant. The selection has been made judiciously and the comment is valuable (New York: The Century Company. $2.00).

Girls, too, naturally get considerable attention from many authors. The Dark Star of Itza, by Alida Sims Malkus, is to say the least an unusual book. The scene is Yucatan; the background, the Mayan civilization unearthed by recent explorers. The author attempts to reconstruct a bygone age by introducing a narrative half legendary and half authentic. The pictures by Lowell Houser are distinctive enough to entrance even those who believe that illustrative novelty is impossible (New York: Harcourt, Brace and Company. $2.50). Freedom's Daughter, by Gertrude Crowfield, is a romantic tale of Reba Stanhope, who helped the cause of the revolutionary patriots in the 1770's. The Quaker atmosphere is marked (New York: E. P. Dutton and Company, Incorporated. $2.00). An unusual book in every sense—delicate, simple, moving—is Morning Star, translated from the Italian of Ada Negri (New York: The Macmillan Company. $2.50). This account of the life of a poor girl is not exciting, but it has almost every other virtue. Fishermen, their ways and dangers, figure prominently in A Barrel of Clams, by Shirley Berton Lesher. It is a swiftly written, colorful story involving a heroine whom we feel sure many girls will like. It is an attractive volume (New York: Harcourt, Brace and Company. $2.00). Little Mother, by Mary T. Waggaman (The Ave Maria, Notre Dame, Indiana. $1.00) is one of the best of this writer's many stories for girls. The Catholic parent would have to look far for anything more suitable. It makes its lessons gently but persuasively. Miss Princess, by Esther W. Neill, is another book about the doings of school girls but there are many things in it which do not belong in a classroom. While the narrative is possibly a little in need of compression, it will interest many (The Ave Maria, Notre Dame, Indiana. $1.00). Jobs for Girls is a summary of the kind of employment to which young women may look forward. Hazel Rawson Cades has brought together a good deal of information (New York: Harcourt, Brace and Company. $2.00).

Specialized publications of many kinds have their own form of appeal. A Magic World, edited by Margery Gordon and Marie B. King, is an anthology of poetry destined for children. We were surprised to see that Mr. Chesterton's Lepanto is missing and that certain other things of no particular moment are included (New York: D. Appleton and Company. $2.00). One of the first collections of short stories for boys and girls we have seen is A Baker's Dozen, edited by Mary Gould Davis. If one can assume that young folk will take to this kind of book, it may be added that the stories themselves are for the most part very attractive (New York: Harcourt, Brace and Company. $2.00). Mary Graham Bonner likewise approves the short story, but A Hundred Trips to Storyland (New York: The Macaulay Company. $2.00) is entirely her own work. The material is uneven but almost always readable. The Magic Universe, by Mary Graham Bonner, is an endeavor to introduce young readers to the marvels of nature. For the most part, it is skilfully done although there seems to be an overexpenditure of energy in making the subject matter palatable (New York: The Macaulay Company. $2.50). Similarly interested in science (biology and geology, primarily), W. Maxwell Reed is a little more anxious to tell about it. The Earth for Sam (New York: Harcourt, Brace and Company. $3.50) is in many respects an exceedingly useful book.

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Unfortunately, its theory of evolution takes somewhat too much for granted. The pictures are remarkable, being, for the most part, photographs.

For tiny tots, there are a few little books of varied interest. The First Picture Book, prepared by Mary Steichen Martin, includes a number of photographs illustrating household articles and playthings the names of which any little girl or boy would like to know (New York: Harcourt, Brace and Company. $2.00). Charlie Chaplin's Parade, by Michael Gold, is relatively smart-alecky and modernistic, but it does have something of the Chaplin flavor (New York: Harcourt, Brace and Company. $1.50). Around the World in Song, by Dorothy Gordon, is a collection of songs which represent various countries and forms of adventure. The illustrative material is really very fine and the music, sensible. Indeed this is one of the best volumes of the sort we have ever seen (New York: E. P. Dutton and Company, Incorporated. $2.50). Nonsense verse is always palatable. If You Know What I Mean by Joseph Easton McDougall is probably better suited to the grown-up reader than to the nursery. Some of the verse could, however, be read there to good effect (New York: E. P. Dutton and Company, Incorporated. $2.00). Last but by no means least on our list is Mr. Compton Mackenzie's Told (New York: D. Appleton and Company. $2.00). This is a collection of stories which for the most part have appeared elsewhere. There are excellent narratives and the pictures have a homey quality which should endear them to very many. Mr. Mackenzie likewise appears as a poet whose Ballad of the Round Pond ought to meet with general favor. Here are sample quatrains:

"The Royal Tin Artillery
Had faced the sea before;
They had fallen in the bath one night
And heard the waste-plug roar.

"They were rescued by the nursery maid
And put on the ledge to dry;
And they looked more like the Volunteers
Than the Royal Artillery."

In every sense this is a charming book.

THE EDITORS.

Mr. Comstock's Ghost

This Land of Liberty, by Ernest Sutherland Bates. New York: Harper and Brothers. $3.00.

THIS book summarizes all the latest instances of suppression and oppression which have taken place in American public life. It is doubtful if any of them is omitted. Here are reviewed the war and post-war transgressions on constitutional guarantees, restrictions on education in the name of patriotism and religion, the era of "intoxicated temperance" and the lingering influence of Anthony Comstock. So packed full of justifiable indictments of American government and society is this book that the incautious reader is apt to believe that all our liberties are gone. If the reader be of the stuff of which rebels are made he will go forth to kick the shins of the nearest policeman.

So successful is Mr. Bates in making out his case, so true are most of his charges against the one-hundred-and-one-percent American patriot of the present day who loves liberty so much that he will not let anyone use it, that one may wonder whether liberty abides with us at all. It is true that the war-time espionage laws were products of disturbed and unsound men-

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tal processes; that all Americans should do penance for the work of the United States Attorney-General's office during and immediately after the war; that the evidence grows clearer every day that Sacco and Vanzetti may have been unjustly done to death; and that the procedure of the New York state legislature in providing a show for Albany's society matrons by trying five assemblymen for being Socialists will astound and amuse future generations along with the Salem witch trials. One would only have to devote his time to an exclusive study of these evidences of American undemocracy to reach the conclusion that we are a nation, rich, imperial, powerful, wholly irresponsible, hysterical and given to periodic mental convulsions.

Thanks to a kind Providence there is much variety in the American scene: the Ku Klux Klan dances in cheese-cloth nighties; citizens of Protestant birth and tradition gallantly defend a Catholic candidate for President; Scottish rite Masons try to herd all the Oregon school children into the public schools; the United States Supreme Court stands unanimously for the right of parents to educate their children; one efficient but conservative governor of the Empire state advocates illiberal tests for teachers in the public schools; one inefficient mayor of Chicago withstands public clamor and prejudice to allow a persecuted minority to enjoy its right of free speech and assemblage. Many are the extremes which are taken by government and people in this land of bigotry and liberty.

Mr. Bates should pray a bit longer over his chapter on education. Having betaken himself to his oratory he will find that the problem is not so easy as he first thought it was. There can be no such thing as absolute liberty for the teacher in education, especially in the secondary schools. There must be guiding principles and aims, and to that extent there must be restrictions of liberty. If Mr. Bates muses over this chapter a while he will find that if he wants to make it more sound and more scientific he will have to make it much longer, much more complex and, alas, much less interesting. And that the world may know, here is what Mr. Bates thinks of the college man—famed in jazz and movies: "The college graduate is merely the young man of action whom we all know, well mannered and well groomed, alert, energetic, worshipful of 'putting it over,' sceptical of ideals, indifferent to ideas—and in his handsome empty head he carries the fate of the nation."

JEROME G. KERWIN.

The Maid of Orléans

For Joan of Arc: An Act of Homage from Marshal Foch and Eight Other Members of the French Academy. New York: The Macmillan Company. $2.50.

IMPORTANT as are the literary and artistic values of this book, a higher and more special interest is attached to it. The greatest soldier of modern times, one of the leading statesmen of France, an eminent lawyer, a prelate of the Church, and such prominent historians and men of letters as the late Maurice Barrès, Louis Madelin, Henri Lavedan, Georges Goyau and Louis Bertrand, are the contributors to this remarkable and beautifully printed volume, appropriately illustrated with exquisite color reproductions of scenes in the life of the Maid of Orléans, taken from ancient tapestries and manuscripts, together with many black and white facsimiles. The various contributions are far from being the merely perfunctory statements or conventional tributes of which such a symposium too often is made up. Marshal Foch, for instance, studies and

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judges the military campaigns of Saint Joan as deeply and as seriously as if engaged in leading his own greatest campaign, finding that she exhibited "all the powers of a great commander."

Diverse as are the points of view from which the writers view their subject, all essays are identical in spirit: all alike are filled with the sincerest reverence, and are warm with love. There is another point in which they are alike, with the sole exception of Maurice Barrès's notes—all the other six writers frankly and firmly recognize in Joan the impulse of the supernatural, they hail in this girl of eighteen who led armies, crowned a king, and saved her country, a saint, directly inspired and guided by God. Barrès approaches such a point of view as closely as his own philosophy admits, a sort of political or nationalistic mysticism being substituted for the religious faith of the other writers. He sees in Joan a "product of our time. Up to the Revolution, up to the invasion of France, no one realized what she was. She was despised and treated as out of date. This daughter of the people was a foundling of democracy, of the people breaking into speech. . . . Democracy, when it came into power, recognized itself in this Maid. . . . Today, after the war, this girl is regarded as having borne within her the embryo of the League of Nations, of that patriotism which respects other countries so that it may be respected itself."

But the frankly religious view prevails. It is expressed with a lucidity and fervor which makes the volume a work of literature; but as a collective expression of the faith in the supernatural of a group of distinguished modern Frenchmen, it rises above literature and becomes a spiritual phenomenon of the highest importance. France for many centuries has been a battleground between faith and the forces of infidelity. But that the tide is turning strongly toward faith might well be deduced from this book.

MICHAEL WILLIAMS.

Real Adventuring

Water and Gold, by Lewis Stanton Palen and Charles G. Hedlund. New York: E. P. Dutton and Company, Incorporated. $3.00.

THIS book is, in reality, the autobiography of Mr. Hedlund. It is decidedly not a Joan Lowell type of autobiography despite the fact that "blue water" takes up a very interesting fore part of the book—there is an unmistakable ring of sincerity and truthfulness in Water and Gold. Sea terms and sea nomenclature are used both correctly and appropriately.

Mr. Hedlund begins his book with the brief account of his career in Sweden in his youth as a chimney-sweep, then rapidly takes the reader from soot, grime and hard tasks to the salt, winey air of the deep sea, where he spends a considerable number of years learning life and hard knocks aboard some pretty hard ships. Later he deserts one of these tough floating hells in South Africa and there embarks upon a series of adventures that includes jungles, lions, gold and water—or, rather, the lack of it—in his struggles for existence. Mr. Hedlund's most commonplace adventures in South Africa make our present crop of adventurous heroes appear as babes in arms and their exploits to have taken place in the nursery. If you are honing for a real story of real adventure that is free from the smut and four-flushing of our present-day heroes' yarns, by all means read Water and Gold.

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Briefer Mention

King Edward VII and His Court, by Sir Lionel Cust. New York: E. P. Dutton and Company, Incorporated. $3.50.

I AM sure there will be people to go into ecstasies about this record of a life divided between petty servitude of, and joy at finding itself in close vicinity to, royalty. But I don't believe any serious reader will have the courage to read through this volume of very worthy remembrances of a most charming and amiable if slightly snobbish courtier. It is nevertheless at times an amusing book, although it leaves one rather puzzled as to the necessity anyone could find to publish it. The world could certainly have gone on existing without it, and not been any the poorer. But old Victorians, if there are any left, and Edwardians, will no doubt find great pleasure in perusing it, as it will recall to them more than one episode of their youth and middle age, and as such they will undoubtedly welcome it with effusion, because it is as pleasantly written as it is insignificant and banal.

An Introduction to the Study of Wave Mechanics, by Louis de Broglie. New York: E. P. Dutton and Company, Incorporated. $4.25.

THIS book incorporates the conclusions arrived at during the course of research in wave mechanics and has earned for the author the coveted Nobel Prize for physics. The discovery of the refractions of electrons by crystals led newer scientists, notably Planck, to urge the insufficiency of the Fresnel theory of electromagnetism and to come out for a modified reaffirmation of the corpuscular theory. At this point the critique developed by the Prince de Broglie begins, to continue with a mathematical and logical finesse which the scientists will appreciate.

God and Intelligence in Modern Philosophy, by Fulton J. Sheen. New York: Longmans, Green and Company. $4.00.

A NEW edition of Dr. Sheen's important book, hailed four years ago as a remarkably significant contribution to philosophic literature, comes as proof of its wide reception. "In this book, as in the modern world generally," says Mr. Chesterton very appropriately in his introduction, "the Catholic Church comes forward as the one and only real champion of reason." Those who become acquainted with it now will find that although it is a dissertation, it is of vastly more than academic interest and application.

CONTRIBUTORS

G. K. Chesterton, the English critic, novelist and poet, is the editor of G. K.'s Weekly and the author of Orthodoxy; The Wild Knight; and many other books, among which The Resurrection of Rome is the most recent.

Most Rev. Andrew Szeptyckyj, Catholic Ruthenian Archbishop of Lwvow, is a great worker for the reconciliation of dissident Slavs with the Holy See. His paper, Catholic and Orthodox Mentality, published herewith, was translated by Donald Attwater, editor of Pax.

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